

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
JACK WILKS,  
A  
LOVER OF LIBERTY.

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————— Determin'd, hold  
Your Independence ; for, that once destroy'd,  
Unbounded Freedom is a morning dream,  
That flits aerial from the cheated eye.

THOMSON'S Liberty, Part III.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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LONDON:

Printed for H. GARDNER, opposite St. Clement's  
Church, in the Strand.

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MDCCLXIX.

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Liberty's Freedom is a morning dream,  
That his soul from the clutches of  
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“A Great piece of insolence truly,” said Jack; “Why Sir, I would have you to know, I would have you to know Sir, that I will not be refused the pleasure of kissing any woman I like, married or not.—What the devil! do you think to lay any restraint upon *my* inclination?—No, no,—I am for Liberty.”

Just at that moment the constable and watch, whom the gentleman’s servant had very prudently sum-

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moned,

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moned, approached to seize the rioters.

The lady, on *their* arrival begged her husband to slip away, as he could gain no honour by fighting with men out of their senses.—He took her advice, and they made off, attended by their servant, leaving those who came to their assistance to manage their adversaries as well as they could.

When these inferior ministers of justice made their first advances against the enemy, they were suddenly repulsed, for the Bacchanalians all drew their swords, except Shadow, who could not, with all his tugging, disengage it from the scabbard; but as they were top-heavy, their hands were unsteady; they were, therefore, soon disarmed and carried off roaring out “ Liberty for ever!” to the round-house.

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When *they* and their weapons were secured, Wilks, who was generally, in such situations, restored to his senses, by any kind of bustle about him, began to consider how he should get out of a place, in which he could have contentedly enough have passed the remainder of the night, had not his blood rose at the thoughts of confinement in *any* shape; he, therefore, entered into a short conference with his companions who were, by this time, also a little sobered.

They agreed unanimously to bribe the constable to release them.

On searching their pockets, however, they had not a sum sufficient among them to stagger the integrity of the commander in chief, and to reward his myrmidons.

Wilks, having watched Shadow

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with a penetrating eye, and fancied that he looked a little shy and uneasy, attacked him in the following strain:—"What a cursed unfortunate affair is this, Master Shadow, that you should on your first entering yourself under the very standard of Liberty, be deprived of your freedom for want of a few paltry shillings; which, could they be produced, never could be spent more nobly than in procuring our dismissal from a place so much to be detested by a young merchant, who, had he not been fired with the most glorious of all passions, might have been at this present moment, sneaking into the house when the maid had softly opened the door, and creeping up to the garret with his shoes in his hand, for fear of waking his master.—'Sdeath!—before  
I would

I would be such an abject slave, I would purchase my freedom, not only with my purse, but with my life."

"Why you say true, you are right," cried the poor frightened Shadow, shaking like an aspen-leaf—"I—I—think 'tis better to get out of this confounded place,—I—I—love Liberty, Mr. Wilks, as well as you.—I shall be very glad to lay me down on any bed, for I have got such a consumed pain over this eye-brow."

"D——n your eye-brow," cried Jack, "have you got any money in pocket? that's the place which must procure us our releasement."

"Oy, oy," added the rest, "search his pockets, search his pockets."

"Excuse me, my new young friend," cried Wilks, approaching him



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to examine his breeches, “you will not deserve that name, nor can you possibly merit the title of a true genuine son of Liberty, if you will not sacrifice every shilling to so glorious a call.”

“Well——well, then——don’t hurry me—I am so devilish sick—but I will see,” (slowly drawing out a green silk purse which, seemed to be well filled,)—“Here is my all, gentlemen.”

“And a very good *all* too,” said Jack, twitching away the purse, by the L—d! —How could you dream of being a friend to Liberty, and keep such a sum at the bottom of your pocket, without thinking to offer it for our discharge from this hellish habitation?”

“Well—let me see—give it me, and I will take out as much as you want



want, and lend it you ; but the purse is my sister's own *netting*."

" Lend it the devil," said Jack—  
 "I would sooner fight my way through legions, than borrow any money, even from my dearest friend.—No—give it freely—give it like a fellow of spirit—believe me, you can never employ it upon a better occasion."

" What, all?" replied he, shrinking with timidity,—" suppose I should be brought into any more mischief to night, what will become of me then?"

" Why do as we do, I tell you, fight it out, man, or we'll never deserve to be ranked among the lovers of Liberty.—Here my friends," continued he, turning out the gold upon the table, " let us divide it, for if the scoundrels

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*without* see how much we have, they will not be quiet till they have *smushed* all.—There, Shadow, take back your purse, and remember, that a plain ell-skin full of gold is worth a hundred such pieces of network.”

Wilks and his companions then shared the contents of the purse, leaving a couple of guineas for Shadow, who stared, during the division of his money, with goggling eyes. Having shoved up his eyebrows, shook his head, and lifted his shoulders to a level with his ears, he said, “Well—this Liberty, after all, is a fine thing! it sets us all upon a footing.”

“What, my hero,” cried Wilks, “hast thou just found out the advantage arising from a passion which operated upon you so vigorously  
some

## JACK WILKS. 9

some hours ago.—You are but a young freethinker, I see,—follow my steps and I will soon teach you a lesson, which *Mandevil* himself might have inculcated without a blush: a lesson, never to be forgotten.”—“Aye, I shall be mighty glad to learn, but I shall never make such a man as you, Mr. Wilks: you are a buck of the first head.”

The constable and watchmen were then called in; and being very well satisfied with the *douceurs*, which they received, opened a free passage for their prisoners, who returned to their respective dwellings.

Shadow followed Wilks pretty closely for some time, but on his lagging, Wilks asked him if he was afraid of any thing?

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“ Afraid—no—no—I am not afraid ; but yet, if there had been but a bed in the round-house, I had rather have staid there, for our folks at home will make a plaguy noise at my staying out so late.”

“ And are you such a baby,” cried Jack, “ as to mind your folks, as you call them ?—What the devil have they to do with *you* ?”

“ Nay, for that matter it don’t much signify whether they do or not, for I have enough to keep me without business : my grand-father left me two thousand pounds, and I have been of age this half year, so I need not mind them.”

Wilks then told him, that if he would make a stout promise not to mind them, and swear to keep it, when he had done, he should go home with *him*.—“ I’ll find you a lodging

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lodging to night, but you must take a good round oath."

"Ay, never fear *me*, I can swear bloodily when I have a fancy for it.—But what's the oath?"

"By ever-glorious Liberty, the scourge of tyrants!" cried Wilks.—

"You must swear to correct those who have no right to command you, and chastize all who would fix the shackles of slavery upon any free-born Briton.—Swear, I say."

"I do swear," said Shadow, repeating the words, though very faintly, after him.

"P——x on you," cried Wilks, "you mince an oath as if you had got pins in your mouth, and squeak out Liberty like Brutus in a puppet-show.—However, as you have helped us out at a pinch, I believe I can turn you, for this once, into old Ferrers's garret."

"Do,



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“Do, pray,” said Shadow, “and let me tell you one thing: when once you come to be intimate with me, you may get more out of me than you think for.”

“Why, faith! there may be more truth in that declaration, than you are aware of at present; and so come along.”

While Wilks was thus making a new convert to his ruling passion in town, Miss Hyde had made a considerable progress in Mrs. Melmoth's favour in the country. She had, agreeably to Wyndham's foresight, fallen in that Lady's way, who was immediately struck with her pleasing person and manner.—After a few visits to Mrs. Melmoth, in consequence of repeated invitations, she went, at her request, to reside with her entirely. That request was a  
suffi-



sufficient inducement; but the ardent wish to give pleasure to Wyndham, (who would, she concluded, from what he said at his departure from her, chuse to have her settled with a Lady, of whose character he so much approved) chiefly prompted her to a compliance with it.

Myra had not seen her amiable friend and protector, nor heard any thing about him since she left London.—She admired his delicacy; but she was also convinced, by the delicacy of his behaviour, that he felt not those sensations, which she once thought she had excited in him; and she was the more convinced, when, on speaking of him one day to Mrs. Melmoth, (from whom she was determined to make no concealments, her feeling, and her flattering hopes excepted) she learned,

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learned, that his father was not only at that time possessed of a very handsome fortune, and had considerable expectations, but had also fixed upon a lady for his son, who was rather too young to enter into the married state.

This intelligence, though Myra had no reason not to expect it, pained her extremely. From the first time of her seeing Wyndham, she loved him; and his noble, disinterested behaviour to her, had considerably increased her esteem. She sighed, frequently, at the impossibility of her ever being in any degree worthy of a man so perfectly amiable.

“ I may, I must admire virtues so rare, so extraordinary : in feeling something more than a common regard for a man, adorned with those

vir-

virtues, I barely perform my duty. I should be destitute of merit myself, did I not value it in a man so eminently distinguished by it. With these sensations, I cannot help earnestly wishing, that he may enjoy every felicity ; and, I hope, I may decently wish also, that it was in my power to procure the happiness for him, of which he is so deserving.” —Such were often her soliloquies, which were generally closed with a deep sigh.

The melancholy languor diffused over her countenance, whenever her mind was employed,—and frequently was it employed,—in the above-mentioned manner, gave new charms to it.

With those charms, a young Baronet, one of Mrs. Melmoth's near neighbours, having accidentally seen her

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her soon after her arrival at farmer Wheatly's, was captivated, and embraced every opportunity of conversing with her. But Myra was so little flattered by the compliments which he paid her, that they only rendered her the more desirous to be under Mrs. Melmoth's protection.

Sir Anthony Granger was a very genteel figure, and would have, perhaps, charmed Miss Hyde with his exterior, which had done no small execution in the female world, had not her heart been disposed of before she became acquainted with him.

Sir Anthony, on his first meeting with her, not being of a matrimonial turn, only intended to make her his *fille de joye*; but her reserved carriage, and the discreetness which appeared in every part of her conduct,

soon



soon made him sensible, that she would not surrender to him but upon honourable terms. He, therefore, for some time, absented himself from the *environs*, in order to drive her from his thoughts. Absence, however, did not answer the end he proposed by it. She rose to his imagination a thousand times more alluring; so that, finding no relief by staying away, he returned again.

The increased dejection in her countenance, increased by Wyndham's non-appearance, and by her entire ignorance about him, added pity to his love, and made him still more assiduous to please her. She received his civilities with politeness, but they gave her no satisfaction. As she was ever thinking of Wyndham, it cannot be properly said, that  
his

his civilities reminded her of him; yet, they so far made her recollect his attentions about her when she first saw him at Mrs. Lister's, as to occasion a violent agitation in her tender bosom.

Wyndham, in the mean time, thought not less on *her* than she did on *him*. He frequently enquired after her, (though he never sent any message to her, not even a common compliment) by corresponding with Wheatly; and as frequently heard, that she was well, and esteemed by every body. But he was more particularly delighted to find, that his scheme had succeeded, and that she was actually become part of Mrs. Melmoth's family; her constant companion, indeed, and intimate friend:—the servants having declared to the farmer, what a favourite

rite



rite Miss Hyde was with their lady, who consulted her about every thing, and would do nothing of consequence without *her* advice.

This information, as he well knew that Mrs. Melmoth's character was unblemished, that she was possessed of many virtues, and that she was a woman of too much sagacity to be easily imposed upon, thoroughly convinced him, not only that Myra was a discreet girl, but that she really was the amiable creature he wished her to be.—Yet, though his eagerness to make her his by the strictest ties, was in proportion to the satisfaction which he felt on his conviction with regard to her merit, he determined (as he was too well acquainted with his father's disposition, to hope for his consent, and too conscious of his own inability to keep her,

her, with a family, unassisted by him, could she be prevailed on to agree to a private marriage) to be silent, though it would cost him a good deal. He thought, however, as he had, from a prudent regard for her, punished himself, by not soliciting a correspondence with her, he might, without any impropriety, indulge himself in a visit to the part of the country in which she resided, and, for the sake of the air, occupy her late lodgings at the honest farmer's.

Such was his design; but the execution of it was retarded by his father's engaging him, just when he was going into Berkshire, to take another *route*.

While Miss Hyde was thus secretly adoring Wyndham for what he had done for her, poor Miss Ferrers was rather unhappy than contented  
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in her new situation. She was, indeed, highly pleased with the affluence in which she lived, and even grew fond of her grand-father, who, from the time she was brought to him, felt so much remorse on having so cruelly neglected her mother, and so much satisfaction at Nancy's endeavours to please him, that he thought he never could do enough for her.—He gratified her every rational wish; he procured every pleasure for her, which she could reasonably expect; and, fancying that she could not be happy without having somebody in the house with her but an old man and servants, as there were not many neighbours whose society he deemed proper for her, he invited a very sensible, agreeable young lady, whose family he had long known, to come and stay

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stay with his child, as he now almost always called Miss Ferrers.

This young lady had been very genteely educated, and had kept the best company; she was, therefore, the fittest person in the world to be with Nancy Ferrers, who, with her natural good understanding, only wanted the polish of good breeding, to render her able to acquit herself in a becoming manner in any station.

Sidney, who was a constant visiter, saw, with the greatest satisfaction, the rapid improvements which she made under the eye of so excellent a model as Miss Amyot: yet still he saw, with concern, that though Nancy seemed every day more and more to esteem both *him* and her new friend, she did not feel that kind of pleasure at the sight



of him, with which he had wished to inspire her. She frequently, it is true, expressed the utmost gratitude for his past kindnesses to her, but her heart was attached to Wilks: and though she had taken infinite pains to conceal its real emotions, he was quick-sighted enough to discover them. However, as he had found no opportunity to make her sensible of the risque she ran by encouraging a propensity towards a man so every way unworthy of her; and as he might be thought, by entering too abruptly upon the tender subject set her against him for ever, he resolved to wait with patience.

Nancy, mean while, pined for an opportunity to repay Wilks the money which he had expended on her father's account, and on hers; determining to contrive some way to  
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get that sum transmitted him as soon as she had saved it, without appearing to be in any way concerned in the conveyance of it.

During the agitation of this scheme in her mind, Sidney, ever studious to give her pleasure, hurried down to Kew, and desired Mr. Byam to permit the ladies to accompany him to Ranelagh on the following evening, as some very fine fire-works were to be exhibited.

Mr. Byam readily consented to his request, knowing that they could take up Miss Amyot's mother, a widow lady, who lived in Westminster, and who had, when her daughter went to Kew, promised to be of their party to any place of public diversion, at which they could not, in her opinion, be prudently seen only with Mr. Sidney; though, from what  
she



she had heard about him from her daughter, she had imbibed prejudices in his favour.

Accordingly, they all set out in Mr. Byam's carriage, and spent the evening very chearfully.

Just at the conclusion of it, three or four noisy young fellows passed them, but they were too much taken up with their own conversation, to observe the company round them.

Nancy started as they passed, and cried, in a pretty loud key, and with an emotion which she could not conceal, "Ah!—there's Mr. Wilks."

Sidney, who was close at her elbow, who had seen him as soon as he entered, and who dreaded such a rencontre, pressed her hand gently, and in a whisper, said, "Hush, my dear Miss Ferrers, he is not a man

for a lady to take notice of in so public a manner."

This reproof, though delivered in the kindest accents, struck her excessively : her face and neck were, at first, like crimson ; her complexion, then, turned to a deadly pale.— She was, indeed, so violently affected, that Sidney, fearful of ill consequences, and glad of an excuse also to get her out of the way before Wilks discovered her, made a proposal to her, and the other ladies, to go home, as the principal part of the entertainment was over ; and, as they might not, by staying longer, be able, without great difficulty, to get to their carriage, when every body began to move.

As Mrs. Amyot, and her daughter, entirely approved of his proposal, and as Miss Ferrers made no objection

jection to it, he, instantly, handed them out, and, placing himself by Nancy's side, strove, by a number of little lively observations which he made on the company, to raise her spirits;—but no purpose. She scarce spoke a single syllable all the way home. Frequently, however, did he hear her endeavour to stifle a sigh, as frequently did he take her hand in his, and enquire after her health, omitting no attention to please her, no art to rouse her from the dejection into which she was fallen, and in which she continued till she left them.

Almost as soon as she came home, she retired to her own apartment, pleading weariness, as an apology for her retreat.

Sidney, having accepted of Mr. Byam's invitation to sleep at his

house, (of such an invitation he often accepted) rose early the next day, and went into the garden, to enjoy the uncommon beauty and freshness of the morning.

Hardly had he strolled to the bottom of a long grass-walk, when he perceived Miss Ferrers sitting in a melancholy attitude, at a small distance from him.

Happening to lift up her head, she rose immediately at the sight of him, and walked away.

He hastened after her, and catching hold of her hand, said, "Whither are you going, Miss Ferrers? Why are you so ready to fly from one of your sincerest friends?"

"You have been, indeed, Sir," said she, "so good a friend to me, that I am ashamed to see you."

"Why so, my sweet girl," replied



plied he, smiling tenderly on her, and pressing her hand; "Are you, then, conscious of having said or done any thing you really ought to be ashamed of? or, does this little terror arise from your having entertained an unjust idea of me?"

"No, indeed," answered she;—"nobody in the world can have an higher opinion of you than I have."

"My dear Nancy, you may esteem me, but you, indisputably, love Wilks better than any man."

Nothing could, possibly, have thrown poor Miss Ferrers into confusion more, than so home a speech, so true an assertion, delivered with so much abruptness;—nor would he have distressed her in such a manner, had he not been convinced of the necessity there was for letting her thoroughly into Wilks's real charac-



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ter: hoping and believing that she would, after having been perfectly acquainted with it, be prevented, by her good sense, from giving way any longer to an inclination, which, if encouraged, must prove destructive to her in every shape. He felt, however, the sincerest pity for her embarrassment, which was so very great, that she trembled all over, and was ready to sink to the ground.

“Be composed, my dear Miss Ferrers,” said he, leading her to the seat from which she had just risen; “I did not mean to disconcert you so much: I am, indeed, extremely concerned to see, that you are so deeply affected with a subject, which I could wish you never remembered.”

“Can Mr. Sidney,” said Miss Ferrers, (willing to excuse herself) with

with me to be ungrateful? I should, *then*, be insensible of my obligations to *him*."

"You are under no obligations to him, Madam.--Had I but been in the place of my happy friend, I might have been able to serve you in the manner most agreeable to you: I might have, by first attracting your attention, stood *some* chance to gain a heart that is, I fear, at present, not at your own disposal. To say that I do not feel the tenderest sensations for you, Miss Ferrers, would be to say the greatest untruth; and I should act in direct opposition to those sensations, did I not endeavour to arm you against the encouragement of a softening passion, which, being encouraged, cannot but be fatal to your peace.—Yet, think not, that because I long ardently to be

preferred to your favourite, I will, therefore, advance a syllable relating to him which can be falsified; far from endeavouring to depreciate his character, I swear to you that I wish, for your sake, I had a better account to give of him, and that it was possible for him to make you happy. Far, very far from hindering your happiness with him, I would be the first to promote it, by persuading your grand-father to admit him as your lover; because it was ever my opinion, that the man who consults the felicity of the object whom he fondly loves, at the expence of his own, gives the strongest and most undeniable proof of the sincerity of his passion.—Listen to me, therefore, attentively, my dear Miss Ferrers, and, when I have finished what I have to say, tell me if you can love the

the

the man whose portrait I presented to you, without overcharging his features, or, in one word, making a caricature of him?"

He then gave her an exact detail of Jack's principles and way of life, and also of the state of his affairs, according to the best lights he had acquired about them; concluding his narrative with saying, that though parents might be willing to receive men without fortunes or expectations into their families, he should ever be inclined to think, that a man of strict morals was chiefly to be regarded:—"for, I am absolutely certain, that no woman can be happy with an *immoral* husband!"

It is not easy to describe the various changes which poor Nancy's features underwent, nor the different hues quick-shifting in her agitated



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face, during the dissection of her admired Wilks.

Sidney, indeed, made his friend appear in an odious, in a dangerous light; yet, in the exhibition of him, he discovered the greatest impartiality. He did not expatiate a moment on his bad qualities; nor did he forbear to praise his good ones.—He even enlarged upon his liberality, and extolled it in the most exalted terms: “ ’Twas God-like, and would outweigh a thousand imperfections cleaving to humanity.—But I should be very sorry,” added he, “ to behold a man married to Miss Ferrers, who had any failing which would give her a minute’s uneasiness:—though, indeed, there is no fear of my friend Jack’s committing matrimony; he would, I believe, almost as soon commit murder: for  
he



he has, I assure you, as cordial an aversion to a conjugal connection, or, in truth, to any connection with a woman of delicacy, as many of your antipathy-people have to cheese, cats, beetles, or spiders."

By thus sliding into the humorous strain, he strove to give a brisk turn to Nancy's spirits, but he strove ineffectually.

She rose from her seat, thanked him coolly for his information, and went towards the house.

He accompanied her; but she made very slight answers to what he said to her.

Nancy, however, did not condemn him for having spoken so freely of a man whom she loved, indeed, but whom she feared to find the character drawn for him: she rather honoured and esteemed Sidney more

highly for his solicitude about her happiness, and for his disinterested affection for her.——But the apprehensions resulting from her own observations, still most powerfully corroborated by an evidence, certainly better informed than she could possibly be; by a man, of whose honour and integrity she had not the smallest doubts;—those apprehensions were like poisoned arrows pointed at her heart, and the wounds which they inflicted seemed to be, by the anguish which they occasioned, incurable.

When they met at breakfast, her appearance was melancholy, was moving to a degree pitiable beyond expression.

Sidney, perceiving that she had been in tears; cut to the heart to think that what he had said had so

extremely lowered her spirits, and finding that it was not in his power to raise them again, almost caught the same depression; and Miss Amyot soon found the dejection of her friends contagious. So thoroughly gloomy were they all, that the old gentleman asked them if they were not sick; telling them, that if going abroad disagreed with them so much, he should take care how he sent them out again.

A forced smile was all the reply he could obtain from each of them.

The two ladies, as soon as they could decently leave the room, retired to their own chambers.

It may seem odd that Miss Amyot, who had not long been acquainted either with Miss Ferrers or Mr. Sidney, should be so interested in their affairs as to partake of their melan-

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melancholy.—But Miss Amyot, during her short acquaintance with Sidney, discovered sufficient charms in his manners, and sufficient beauties in his mind, (to say nothing of his person, which was handsome enough to please any woman) to draw her attention, and to demand her admiration.—She did, indeed, admire his manners, mind, and person exceedingly.—However, as she discovered that she was in love with her young friend, almost as soon as she developed his merit; she strove to think of him as little as possible: but he gained upon her hourly, and became of more and more consequence in her eyes; and she felt herself strongly excited to promote his happiness with Miss Ferrers, by endeavouring to make that young lady look on him as favourably



yourably as *she* did.—But Nancy, though she freely confessed that no man was more worthy her esteem, few indeed *so* deserving of it, as freely declared to her friend Henrietta, that she could not love him.

“Not love him?” said Miss Amyot: “What charm is there wanting in him to move so gentle a heart as yours, and to make it feel the tenderest passion for him, were Mr. Byam willing, as I dare say he is, to allow of his addresses?”—“Oh! do not talk of them, my dear Henrietta—my grand-father will not, I hope, *oblige* me to marry any body.”

“I dare say that he will not; but you should *oblige* yourself to be just; and if it is in your power to reward Mr. Sidney’s merit, you will be certainly blameable in not getting the better of your little childish  
bash-



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bashfulness, for I cannot but suppose that you really love a man so extremely amiable."

Nancy fetched a deep sigh, but made no answer.

Henrietta, not chusing to renew a subject which gave her friend, she saw, no small uneasiness, dropped it.

"Tis now time to take *some* notice of Mr. Wilks.

Jack, by accommodating Mr. Shadow with an apartment in the same house with himself, won his heart, and they became, from the riot-night, inseparable companions: the latter was very desirous to *shine* by borrowing lustre from the former, and the former found the solid splendor darted from the latter's purse of infinite service to him in particular emergencies.—Jack, therefore, was very ready to give his friend instructions

tions for the regulation of his conduct, and to make him thoroughly sensible of the invaluable, inestimable blessings of Liberty, which he so frequently and so loudly thundered in his ears, that his young patriotic pupil began to feel every nerve about him revolt against restraint. In consequence of his improvements, under so able a preceptor, he entirely neglected the business of the compting-house, as beneath the attention of a gentleman; often staid out all night; and when Mr. Worthy asked him why he behaved in so censurable a manner, plainly told him that he neither was nor would be accountable to any body; that he was a thorough Liberty-man, and that he would always spend his money and his time like a freeborn Briton.

“ Those

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“Those who let you have either,” replied Mr. Worthy, not improperly, “are as great fools as yourself.”

“Who I?—I a fool?—let me perish now—ay, that’s the word—let me perish, I say, if any man shall dare to take such a liberty with *me*?”

“Go, go,” said Worthy, “you are an idle fellow.”

“Idle? no—not at all idle: I am busy enough, and so are all my free-born friends: we scour the streets, seize what women we please, knock down all men who make resistance, lay hold of those who can be of most service to us, do what we please, go where we please and when we please, despise all old tyrannical fathers and masters, resolve not to listen to them while they are alive, and wish them fairly at the devil, that we may be free from their cursed restraint, and have

have it in our power to set a-going what they have been saving for fifty or threescore years."

"What pernicious principles are these?" replied Mr. Worthy, "How fatal to the public in general, and to individuals in particular!"

He then took a great deal of pains to convince his clerk, that what he call Liberty was nothing but Licentiousness, by a very sensible dissertation on those two words, the precise meaning of which he judiciously explained, and clearly distinguished the one from the other; and concluded his speech with saying, in a serious and earnest tone, "Young man, young man, you keep very bad company, and are in the high road to ruin: but I hope you will repent of your foolish, your criminal proceedings, and enter up-  
on



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on a more commendable course of life."

Shadow, by no means capable of defending his own sentiments concerning Liberty, against those which his master entertained, by reasoning, convinced him, however, that he was determined to adhere to them by taking himself away.

Jack, when he met Shadow again, had a mind to enjoy a few fine spring days in a rural excursion; and as Shadow's pockets were better calculated to defray the incidental expences upon the road than his own, he easily persuaded him that a little country-air would be very beneficial to him after his late irregularities.

Shadow, at first, shoved up his eye-brows, turned from side to side, shifted his feet and wriggled his body about with several vermicular mo-

tions



tions—"What will Mr. Worthy say?"

"A pretty fellow to pretend to Liberty, and be afraid of any man."

"Well—well, I'll go immediately—I'm not at all afraid; only I don't love a noise about a little pleasure."

"Oh—ho!—if you are disturbed at a noise, you will never make a figure in the world. Liberty can never be maintained, without a devilish bustle."

Shadow made no reply in contradiction to these assertions: they set out, therefore, in a phaeton.

Towards the evening of their first day, being within a mile or two of the town in which they intended to put up, they observed a great crowd assembled upon a common, to hear a cobbler hold forth, who, by his language

guage and vociferation, seemed more vehemently bent upon mending *souls*, than he had ever been in his original employment on mending *shoes*.

Wilks, not a little diverted with the accent and gesticulation of this new fanatical orator, stopped the carriage to listen to him, and to watch the looks of his very attentive audience, who, by their shrugged-up shoulders, and their rolling eyes, by their expressive *hums*, and significant groans, gave him reason to believe, that they were full wicked enough to inherit salvation, according to his own wrong ideas with regard to the doctrines of christianity.—

But,—while he was in the middle of a hot discourse on future punishments, in which the words Fire and Brimstone were frequently repeated with most emphatical accents, a

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constable, attended with proper officers, came to drive the aproned apostle from his tub, as he had, by his absurd and mischievous tenets, thrown *some* families in the neighbourhood into the greatest confusion. Finding, however, that he was, like many other folks in *high* stations, not very ready to *resign*, the officers began to make use of their authority.

Wilks *then* telling Shadow that the attempt to hinder the cobbler from proceeding with his preachment was an unpardonable abuse of Liberty, called upon him to assist him in rescuing Crispin from the foes to freedom.

Shadow, whose heart sunk down to his heels at the least apprehension of danger, told Wilks, that he had better let him alone,—“May be you’ll only get a broken head for your pains.”

Wilks,

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Wilks, muttering "coward" between his teeth, and looking at him with the utmost contempt, left him to take care of the horses. Jumping out of the phaeton, he animated the people, whip in hand, to stand bravely by their teacher, and to exert themselves boldly in the cause of Liberty. "Every man has an indisputable right to say what he thinks proper, and nobody with justice can stop his mouth. Nobody, it is true, is obliged to listen to this person; but he, as an Englishman, may certainly talk as long as he pleases, without being taken into custody."

The mob, delighted with sentiments which squared so exactly with their own, instantly formed a ring round the preacher, placed Wilks next to him with exulting acclamations, and stimulated him to continue



nue his discourse in spite of a couple of justices, who came with a design to oblige and to encourage the constables to do their duty, and silence a fellow, who only turned the heads, and picked the pockets of their neighbours; hindering them from following their several employments, or, at least, obstructing them in their laudable pursuits.

When these magistrates, however, perceived, from the multitude spirited up against them, headed by Wilks, that they should only be insulted if they staid, walked off, and left them to themselves.

When the congregation was dismissed, Wilks, having received the thanks of the field-orator and of his adherents, drove Shadow, amidst the shouts of the populace in praise of



Liberty, to one of the best houses in the town.

In that house the justices also happened to be sitting over their bottle.

The genteel appearance which Wilks made, driving into the inn-yard, made them wonder what could have induced such a man to head a set of low ignorant people, to whom his superiority was so conspicuous ; a man who had nothing of the enthusiast in his air.

They sent, therefore, to desire the favour of his company, hoping to prevail on him rather to assist them in getting rid of the itinerant preacher, who had already unsettled many weak minds, than oppose their good intentions.

These justices were sensible men — (few men in country towns more

so) and began to reason with him on the absurdity of suffering such ignorant illiterate wretches to appear in characters, for which they were so totally unfit; and by assuming which they had done an infinite deal of mischief among the lower ranks of their fellow-creatures.

“Faith, gentlemen,” said Wilks, “I see no harm at all in the cobbler’s exercising himself in his new profession.—Every body, in my opinion, ought to be at liberty to amuse himself in his own way.”—

“Do you then call public worship an amusement only, Sir?” replied justice Rigid.—“You speak, methinks, very lightly indeed of the religion by law established.”

“I talk not of any establishment whatever,” cried Wilks, “I am no

admirer of forms; I am for Liberty of thinking, and Liberty of speech: and as I love Liberty as I love my soul, I was not willing to stand by and tamely see those poor people put upon a footing with slaves, and not treated like freeborn Englishmen.—Whether they are wrong or right, it is not *my* business to determine; but I imagine that the cobbler's nonsense suited their nonsense, or they would not have so patiently listened to him.”

“And can any thing be said in vindication of nonsense?” answered again Mr. Rigid, interrupting him.

“Yes, Sir,” replied Wilks, “much may, I think, be said, in its favour,—Most serious things are, in my opinion, d——d nonsensical; and if this patcher of souls deals in nonsense, if you *will* have it so, you must

must allow that he gives it his hearers fresh and fresh, and by so doing beats half the regular bred divines in the kingdom *hollow*."

It was impossible even for Mr. Rigid to prevent the relaxation of his muscles at the reply: but as he thought that this subject in question might, perhaps, be treated too ludicrously, by a person who seemed to be full of arch conceits, and a thorough master of repartee, he gave a new turn to the conversation, in which all discovered good *parts* but Mr. Shadow.

Shadow, not perfectly comprehending every thing that was said, and finding that he was not just then wanted to vociferate Liberty, as he had learnt to do, after his instructor, (as puppies are taught to beg, and bears to dance, at the word of com-

mand, without knowing the meaning of the words articulated to them,) fell fast asleep.

To return to Mr. Byam's family.

Miss Ferrers grew more and more uneasy after having heard from Sidney's lips the history of Wilks: inexpressibly concerned was she to think, that she had fixed her affections on a man who could never, if he was really the character described to her by one perfectly acquainted with him, render her happy. Too much reason had she, indeed, to believe Sidney's account not fictitious: yet sometimes---as love is never quite deserted by hope---she fancied, (knowing him to be attached to her) that it might have been exaggerated by jealousy,—Conjectures of this kind lessened Sidney in her eyes; but conjectures of this kind



kind were only momentary. The attentions which he paid her, and his solicitude to improve her mind, as well as to flatter her inclination, made her but too sensible of his intrinsic merit; for though she did not feel the slightest propensity to love him—she could not help owning him to be every thing a woman would wish a lover to be.

Miss Amyot, indeed, found him, so entirely according to her wishes, that she with the greatest difficulty imaginable hindered the disclosure of her sentiments in his favour, by her features; as she constantly endeavoured, when Miss Ferrers behaved coolly, or received his assiduities with indifference, or not with the civility they, in her opinion, deserved, by a thousand little obliging methods, either to make him forget Nancy's

negligence, or to turn his thoughts into another channel.

These endeavours were accompanied with such an amiable simplicity, and at the same time with such an alluring solicitude, that a man far less penetrating than Sidney, who happened to have a considerable quantity of shrewdness in his composition, could not well have overlooked the motives which produced them. Yet was not Miss Amyot aware of having laid herself too open to the suspicions of the only man in the world whom she wished to be ignorant of her feelings; as she would almost have blushed to death at being supposed to discover any thing like love for a person, who had shewn no signs of *the tender passion* for her; whose heart was actually engaged to another.—She did not, it must be

con-

confessed, at first think of love.—He was an attractive object in her eyes : She believed his morals to be unexceptionable, and she saw him sighing for a return of tenderness from a girl who appeared to have none to bestow.—Pity, therefore, was the first sensation excited in her gentle bosom. Pity was certainly due to him as he was circumstanced ; and she was not conscious of feeling more than pity for him : But that pity was so blended with a softer passion, that they could not well be separated.

Henrietta was neither so young nor so handsome as Nancy, but she was extremely agreeable ;—her hands, arms, and neck were finely formed : She had a good complexion,—her features were not regular, yet there was a very pleasing expression in her countenance. Sidney, as soon as he

saw her, took notice of the advantages which nature had bestowed upon her; advantages greatly improved by her good sense, her good breeding, and the sweetness of her disposition: As soon as he conversed with her, he considered her as the most proper acquaintance in the world for so young, so innocent, so ignorant a girl (not from want of sense, but information) as Miss Ferrers. He, therefore, paid Henrietta the sincerest respect; but it was not in Henrietta's power to change Nancy's heart,—(she once tried to make an alteration in it) tho' she polished her behaviour.—He also saw plainly that she generously sacrificed her own happiness to promote *his*: the nobleness of her spirit, added to the numberless little discoveries of a passion, occasioned by her struggles to suppress it, forced him to behold her



her with redoubled attention: and the more closely he inspected into her accomplishments and attainments, the more she appeared to him qualified to make an exemplary wife: they likewise forced him to feel, that her disinterested tenderness demanded the warmest return.—On the other hand, tho' he was excessively enamoured with Nancy's person and simplicity, with her unaffected modesty and the purity of her manners, he was now assured that her heart was not at her own disposal; that, could she be weaned from Wilks, she might never like *him*; and that a man of the least delicacy could never be happy with a woman who sighed for another,—(tho' he undoubtedly should be so with a woman who fondly loved him.)—He, therefore, thought that he should act more rationally



tionally by changing the object of his addressees; by giving up Nancy, and by attaching himself to Henrietta.

As love and reason, however, do not always act in conjunction, he could not immediately settle a point of so much consequence.

When he was in Henrietta's company, her sensible conversation, her obliging smiles, and the modest discovery of her emotions in his favour, when he paid her any little compliment, or behaved with the least gallantry to her, fixed his attention, and made her the sovereign of his heart.—

But whenever he gazed on Nancy's soft blue eyes, full of languor and sensibility; when he listened to the various modulations of her musical voice, either in speaking or singing to her mandoline, he thought himself  
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in the third heavens; and his heart no longer acknowledged the sovereignty of Henrietta.—All the world, every woman in it, was forgot; and his soul was almost dissolved by harmony and love.

In this melting situation while he was, one evening, hearing her thoroughly enter into the pathos of Dr. Arne's very delicate pastoral ballad in the masque of *Comus*, he happened to turn his eyes towards Henrietta; by so doing he not only saw hers rivetted on him with the most affecting tenderness; he also perceived two pearly drops stealing down her glowing cheeks.

Struck at the sight of her face with so unusual, so moving a concern in it, he stole his hand on hers, and pressed it with an ardor which, instead of quieting her emotions increased them

so

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so much that she instantly rose, and, rushing by him, retired to her own apartment: resolving to stay there till she could trust herself again with a man who grew so irresistibly engaging, and who, for the first time, she fancied, had suspected her.—But she had very little leisure to reflect upon what had passed as Nancy, soon weary of being alone with Sidney, followed her, though he had not said any thing to disgust her. His thoughts indeed were so much engrossed by what he had seen, that he suffered Miss Ferrers to go where she pleased without interrupting her. He actually felt for Henrietta, and could he have been quite sure of himself, could he have but depended upon his giving up Nancy without regret, could he have been certain of forgetting Nancy in the arms of  
Hen-

Henrietta, he would have the next moment offered himself to her.

When they both returned to him, however, he took hold of Henrietta's hands, and was going to tell her how much he honoured her taste in being so sensibly affected with the pathetic air in which her friend had sung.

Nancy, having been playing with a tame goldfinch—he had purchased it for her, on observing that she was very fond of birds and other animals—let it go by accident, and it immediately flew to *his* bosom. Eager to take advantage of so favourable an incident, he instantly quitted Henrietta, concealed the little flutterer, and, with an air of triumph, told Nancy, laughing, that she should never have her favourite again.



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again unless she came herself to look for him.

Mr. Byam, who sat by, diverting himself with his young folks, and who had from the day on which Sidney brought his grand-daughter home, designed to give her to him with a handsome fortune, told him that he was in the right, and advised him not to part with the bird but on the conditions he had mentioned.

Miss Ferrers, who, had she really loved Sidney, would have possibly felt very awkward in obeying her grand-father, at that moment only thought of recovering her bird. Flying to him, therefore, she laid one of her soft white hands just upon his heart, and with the other endeavoured to re-take possession of her little wanderer.

Sidney,



Sidney, no longer able to bear the transporting pressure, gave up the bird directly, and with it all thought of Henrietta.

Mr. Byam, whose fondness for his girl increased every day, not only allowed her a very sufficient sum for cloaths and pocket expences, but frequently made her a number of additional presents, by which means she soon found herself able to return the money which Wilks had advanced on her father's account.— She soon found herself able to make the wished-for restitution, but was altogether at a loss to know in what manner to transact an affair which she had so much at heart. She knew not whom to trust with the execution of a commission which required both secrecy and fidelity.

The perpetual anxiety which her  
mind

## 66 HISTORY OF

mind endured upon this occasion, soon made a striking alteration in her countenance, so strongly was it painted in every feature.

She at last pitched upon Sidney to conduct a business, for which she found herself entirely unfit. He was a man, she knew, well acquainted with Wilks, a man of the strictest integrity, and no stranger to the secret inclination which she had long felt for his friend.—To him, therefore, she resolved to communicate her intentions, and to solicit his assistance.

The striking alteration in Nancy's countenance affected Sidney so much, that he could not help enquiring into the cause of it: with a tender earnestness he urged her to tell him what had occasioned her melancholy appearance. As she had determined

terminated to place a particular confidence in him, but was loth to speak first upon a subject on which, she feared, her sentiments would excite his disapprobation, she was glad to be questioned about her looks, and gladly acquainted him with the source of her uneasiness.

“ I will undertake to execute your commission faithfully,” said he, “ if you will promise to think no more of a man whom you ought to forget.”

“ I cannot answer for my thoughts,” said she, colouring, “ but I will promise not to make any attempt to see him for the future.”

“ I am satisfied with that assurance for the present,” said Sidney; “ time will, I hope, make my happiness equal to my wishes.”

She only sighed a reply.

Soon

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Soon after she had given him the sum intended in Bank-notes, he enquired when Wilks would be in town, and sent them sealed up, by a servant on whom he could depend, who delivered them into Wilks's own hand.

Wilks finding, on his breaking the seals, that the notes came from a person related to the deceased Mr. Ferrers, though no name was mentioned, could not help enquiring after his charming Nancy; but as Sidney's servant was strictly charged to plead ignorance about her, nothing, of course, concerning her, transpired.

This supply was very seasonable to Jack. He was just returned from his rural excursions, in which he and Shadow had considerably lightened their pockets.

Miss Ferrers, who now found her  
mind



mind more at ease, made Sidney all proper acknowledgments for the care he had taken in the management of his commission, and even treated him with more consideration than usual, in order to reward him for the trouble which she had given him.

These acknowledgments, and this consideration, naturally revived his passion for her, which had been for some time slumbering in his breast, and made him think less of Miss Amyot.

Henrietta, beginning to fear that she should not be able to prevent the discovery of her feelings with regard to Sidney, wrote to her mother, who was also her bosom-friend, and desired to be sent for.

Mrs. Amyot, who had been very unwilling to part with her, and who had spared her only to oblige Mr. Byam,



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Byam, one of her husband's old friends, dispatched a letter to request her to come directly.

Henrietta, when the wished-for letter arrived, repented of having occasioned the contents of it, not knowing how to remove herself from a house, in which she so frequently enjoyed the conversation of the most amiable of men ; and Nancy, who loved her, was sorry at the thoughts of their being separated.

Mr. Byam absolutely declared against Miss Amyot's departure.

Sidney alone, whose voice she most wished to hear upon the occasion, said nothing.—She, therefore, left Kew, resolving not to return till she had sufficiently armed herself against the attractions of a man, which were far too powerful for her peace.

Henri-

Henrietta's departure, just at that juncture, happened particularly favourable to Sidney; as Nancy, having been for some time used to a companion, with whom she conversed with the greatest freedom on every subject, (her prepossession with regard to Wilks only excepted) now ran to *him* upon every little occurrence, and made him supply her Henrietta's place.

Transported with so pleasing a behaviour, a behaviour by which he found an easy passage to the inmost recesses of her heart, he became more enamoured with her than ever.— There was every thing to admire in her carriage; there was nothing to disapprove of: and then, indeed, when her face was suddenly clouded, and when her spirits were suddenly depressed, he feared that she still hankered

hankered after Wilks; but he hoped also, that he should be happy enough to render himself the unrivalled possessor of her heart.

Nancy gave him ample encouragement to form the most flattering hopes. The restitution which she had made to Wilks diffused a calm over her mind, which was before considerably agitated, by the remembrance of her obligations to him. She was more and more ready to listen to Sidney; and the impression which his attentions to please, made on her, was deeper and deeper every day. She even began to think, that as she had paid her pecuniary acknowledgments to Wilks, she ought to discharge her still greater ones to Sidney, to whom she was indebted for the preservation of her honour, and for all the comforts and indulgences

gences of life, which she plentifully enjoyed. She, therefore, considered in what manner she should acquit herself, as it was not in her power to return love for love.—

“ He wants not money, like Wilks, to squander in the pursuit of pleasure, being master of an easy fortune, and master also of his passions, which never carry him beyond the bounds of discretion. I have no reason, indeed, to believe, that any little present from me will be estimated out of proportion to its real worth ; yet, I wish to make him sensible how highly I value him, and how much I wish to please him.—I would have him satisfied, that my heart is not engaged to him solely by interested or lucrative ties ; but that I esteem and admire his sense, prudence,



dence, and generosity."——Such were her reflections.

At last she thought of working him a pair of ruffles, having been taught several new stitches by Miss Amyot, who was admirable at her needle, and as she could design herself very prettily.——She soon drew and cut an elegant pattern, and began to trace it upon muslin.

Sidney, pleased to see her so innocently employed, and, imagining that she was at work for herself, not only admired her ingenuity, but commended her for the contrivance of such useful, as well as agreeable, amusements.

Nancy smiled satisfaction at his approbation, and was still more delighted to think, how agreeably he would be surprised to find, that she

she had been employed on his account.

While she was so employed, he sometimes read to her, and sometimes played on the violoncello, to accompany *her* voice ; now sketched views of different parts of the garden and adjacent country, and now gathered fruit and flowers for her, which he presented to her, with every thing else he could think of, to give her pleasure, and also to reward her industry.

This perpetual desire to please, as it could not, possibly, be overlooked, kindled in Nancy's grateful bosom a desire, not less strong, to make adequate returns. She reflected on what Henrietta had so frequently advanced in his favour, and even wished, that she could repay his solicitude to make her happy, in his own manner.

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Sitting one day in the garden, and working upon the ruffles, ruminating too on all that Sidney had done for her, and all that he was still doing; on his unwearied solicitude to please her, as well as the unabating earnestness of his endeavours to promote her happiness and interest, she began to ask herself, what charm he wanted to be completely attractive?

*He* also was sitting by her at that very moment, reading to her.

Laying down her work in her lap, and looking at him attentively, she re-considered every part of his character, and re-examined his person with more accuracy than she had ever yet surveyed it. His elegant, well-proportioned figure, his animated countenance glowing with health, his fine dark eyes, his dark glossy hair, which he commonly wore  
care-

carelessly tied up in a ribbon without powder, (as he was no slave to fashion) and the sweetness and melody of his voice, doubly sweet, doubly melodious, when he was reading or speaking to her, all combined to make her accuse herself of insensibility.

While she continued looking earnestly at him, a sigh, occasioned by self-reproach, pity, or an emotion something more tender, forced its way from her bosom.

He heard it with concern, threw down his book, and taking her by the hand, asked her, with an uncommon softness in his voice and eyes, why she sighed?

Nancy, surprised at such a question, blushed excessively; her face and neck were both crimsoned by her confusion: the former she en-



deavoured to hide with her hands, and, by so doing, increased Sidney's curiosity to know the cause of her embarrassment; which he, indeed, attributed to the recollection of past scenes between her and Wilks.

Gently removing her hand from her face, "Tell me, my dear Miss Ferrers," said he, "what meant that sigh, and what means this sudden disconcerted appearance?"

"Nothing," replied she, recovering a little, and smiling in his face.

"Sweet girl," (said he, softly to himself, while he gazed enraptured on her) "you have forgiven my curiosity, I see, by that dear smile. I was only, indeed, inquisitive, because I feared that something had made that gentle bosom beat with anxiety, from which I sincerely wish

to

to drive away every disquieting sensation.—I was only curious, because apprehensive that some sudden and disagreeable alteration might have happened in the state of your health.

“ You are very good, Sir,” said she, with her eyes and voice still more softened, “ you were always very good to me.”

“ My dear Nancy,” answered he, pressing her hand, “ do you really think so ?”

“ I should be the most ungrateful creature in the world, if I did not.”

“ Ungrateful you never *can* be.—Gratitude is, I well know, your predominant passion.”

“ I understand you, Mr. Sidney,” said she, imagining that he

intended to reproach her, though tenderly, for her behaviour to Wilks; “but you may, perhaps, change your opinion of me some time or other, when you are assured, that I am striving to be grateful to you.”

“Have you then such a conflict with your inclination on *my* account, Miss Ferrers?”

“Oh—no—you quite mistake me.—I could easily, willingly, repay what you have done for me, in the manner I repaid Mr. Wilks; but such a method of cancelling obligations will not satisfy a heart like yours.—Nor could I offer so to erase them.—But I am studying to do—

“What? my dear creature,” said Sidney, catching her in his arms, and, from the visible alteration in her looks,

JACK WILKS. 81

looks, added to the tremor in her voice, flattering himself with new and more lively hopes.

“ I cannot tell you now,” answered she, blushing, throwing her eyes down, and striving to disengage herself from him.

“ Yes—do tell me now,” cried he eagerly—“ Let this, this moment be the happiest of my life.”

“ Ah ! you expect too much at once,” said she, with the greatest emotions, yet with the most enchanting simplicity.—“ I was only wishing that I could love *you* as well you love *me*.”

“ My dearest girl,” replied he, clasping her still closer to his bosom, in spite of her resistance, “ that charming wish will do every thing : that wish alone, properly encouraged, will in time fill up the measure



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of my desires: and I hope I shall make you as happy as I shall be myself."

"Let me go now," said she, "that I may proceed with my work; and do you read on from the place where you left off."

The transported Sidney instantly made an effort to obey her; but she had put all his senses into such a flutter that he knew not what he was about: his hand shook,—he could hardly hold the volume,—his lips quivered,—he read one word for another,—his ideas were confused,—his articulation was irregular, almost unintelligible, and he made a thousand blunders, which would have clearly convinced any woman, as much under the dominion of love as himself, of the violence

lence of his passion : but all his tremors, falterings, and mistakes arising from his confusion, only made Miss Ferrers imagine that he was suddenly taken ill.—That supposal, however, was in his favour, for *pity* exerted herself with the officiousness of *love*.

Gently taking the book from him, she desired him, with great good nature, not to read till he was better.

“ I do not wish to be better, my sweet girl,” said he, kissing her hand with an impassioned air,—“ I never was so well,——never so happy——never experienced more delightful and agreeable sensations.”

“ Indeed but you appear otherwise to me”——(feeling his hand)

## 84 HISTORY OF

“come—you shall go in, and if you are not better presently, take some drops.”

“My dear innocent creature,” said “he, believe me when I assure you that nothing disorders me but the transport I feel at having hopes from your present kind behaviour, that I shall at last be blest, be supremely blest with your love; that you will kindly put me in possession of a heart, the enjoyment of which I prefer to all other sublunary gratifications.”

In vain, however, did he begin to describe his joy, and the consequences resulting from it. She still fancied that he endeavoured to conceal his illness, that she might not be too much alarmed, and absolutely worried him with remedies.

He

He wanted none of the remedies which she prescribed to him; her concern alone, for his recovery, was sufficient to restore him to a calm possession of his faculties, and to make him ample amends for all the anxiety that he had felt about her, by predicting the completion of his felicity.

In a few days after the above interesting garden-scene, Mr. Byam, who rarely went to public places, told Nancy, that if she could prevail on Mrs. and Miss Amyot to give him their company to Vaux-hall, he should wait on them thither with a great deal of pleasure, as a fine evening might very rationally be expected.—Mr. Byam was always fond of Vaux-hall, and had a kind of regard for it, something like that one has for an old friend.



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A servant was, therefore, immediately dispatched with a note, to let the ladies know that he would send the coach for them.

Sidney, as there were five in the coach, from Kew, had the pleasure of sitting with Miss Ferrers almost in his lap. She was dressed in a manner particularly becoming: she had an uncommon flow of spirits, and laughed and chatted with unusual vivacity. Now she warbled part of some favourite air or song; then she addressed Sidney with some sprightly question, calculated to produce an answer which would promote mirth and good humour: at one time she affected to be very grave, when on a sudden she would burst into a fit of laughter; blame herself, and ridicule the company  
for

for suffering her dullness. In short, she used every art of pleasing of which she was mistress, to inspire the company with such sentiments and emotions, as might render them happy in, and satisfied with, each other.

Henrietta, though she strove as much as possible to banish Sidney from her heart, looked rather serious at seeing him upon such good terms with her young friend.

They spent the first part of the evening very agreeably.

Sidney took every method to make a place, which Miss Ferrers had never seen, as pleasurable as he could.

They supped.

While the two gentlemen were dis-

discharging the bill, the ladies sauntered along within view of the box which they had quitted.

After a few turns they happened to come close behind Wilks and Shadow, who were walking arm in arm ; each of them accompanied by a girl of the town.

The *former* treated *his* fair companion with the most open wantonness, and was extremely gross in his behaviour to her.

Shocked at the sight, more shocked at the carriage of so licentious a groupe, Mrs. Amyot and her young friends were on the point of turning their backs, when Shadow, catching a glimpse of Miss Ferrers, cried, " Wilks ! Wilks ! there's a pretty girl behind you."

Wilks, in a moment fixing his  
eyes

eyes upon her, said, "Nancy Ferrers, by Jupiter!"

Then, letting go the woman round whose waist he had thrown one of his hands, he pursued Nancy, and catching hold of her, asked her where she had concealed herself so long? swearing that he was d——d happy in meeting with her, as he had long wished to make all proper acknowledgments for the money she had conveyed to him, and would settle accounts with her that evening, if she would go to his lodgings—to *Cuper's*—or to any other place she liked better.

This speech, delivered aloud, with all necessary significancy, to so fine a young creature in so public a manner, drew the eyes of every body upon her, and frightened her, and  
 she



she was, for the first time, disgusted with Wilks for his unexpected and very rude salutation. She strove to disengage herself from him, but he held her fast.

She then called out to Mr. Sidney.

“Do, pray, Mr. Sidney, save me from this man!”

Sidney, who was just coming to look for her, flew to her assistance; and seized the hand which she had at liberty.

Henrietta, dreadfully alarmed for his safety, said to her, “You don’t know what you have done by this piece of folly: you have, possibly, endangered the life of the man who ought to be dearest to you.”

“Oh! leave me, leave me, then,” cried Nancy to him, still more alarmed;  
ed;

ed; believe me; I cannot bear to see you come to mischief.

"My dearest creature, said Sidney, be composed." Then, running to Wilks, "I insist upon your letting this lady go immediately, Sir," continued he.

"What? my old friend Harry Sidney," replied Wilks, "are *you* and *I* like to have a tilt, at last, about a wench? 'Tis a fine evening, faith! for such a business: tho' I don't much fancy quarelling with friends: you had better let me take her; you know she was *my* property at first, and you stole her unfairly from me."

"Hold your infamous tongue," said Sidney; I will but place this dear innocent girl safe in the hands  
of

of her grand-father, who is just by, and answer you in a moment.

He, then, forcibly, took Miss Ferrers from him, and having carried her to Mr. Byam, who had joined the rest of the company by this time gathered round them, advanced to Wilks, and drew.—

“I am now ready for you, Sir.”

“Ready for me. Sir! That’s more than I am for you. What, fight when the girl’s gone?” cried Wilks; “no faith! that’s carrying the jest too far. I love thee too well for that, Harry. Were there any hopes of her, indeed, I might have, possibly, made the moon shine through your body. You are not insensible that I am not afraid to fight for a girl.”

“No

“No trifling Sir, said Sidney: you have grossly insulted the lady in publick, and your reparation shall be publicly made.”

“Hold, dear Mr. Sidney, cried Miss Ferrers, breaking from her grand-father, and hanging on his arm, you shall not fight for me, indeed you shall not.” Her eyes were, at the same time, filled with tears. Henrietta stood just ready to stop him on the other side.

Regardless, however, of all but Nancy, “My dearest life, said he to her, let me intreat you to go to your grand-father.”

“I cannot—will not leave you,” replied the trembling Nancy—

“How can *you*, Sir, continued she, turning to Wilks, presume to attack a man so greatly your superior? Are you



you not ashamed to raise your arm against a man who never injured you?"

"'Sdeath," cried Wilks, "we have got a parson in petticoats surely among us! why, what a pretty little prating thing it's grown!"—gazing on her, however, with admiration.

"My dearest creature," said Sidney, "let me intreat you to leave me for a moment."

"'Tis very well," answered the poor girl, bursting into tears, quite overwhelmed with terror and concern for his safety, "never did I think that Sidney would have refused my request.—But I see all men are alike"—continued she, walking away.

Sidney, half distracted between his

love for Nancy, and his desire to vindicate her character, so rudely, so unjustly attacked, advanced towards Wilks.

Jack, instantly dropping his sword, said "Forgive me, Sidney—I have been to blame,—but believe me, I did not know you were so much attached to that lovely girl. I should act contrary to my principles in hindering her from following the free current of her inclination. Tell her, therefore, that I ask her pardon, for I will not affront her again to-night with my presence."

This unexpected and genteel apology, occasioned entirely by Jack's good nature and his compassion for Nancy's distress, made a considerable turn in his favour. Jack had in truth a great deal of humanity in his

his disposition, and never actually intended to injure his fellow-creatures.—His conduct was not frequently defensible, but his most exceptionable actions were rather in consequence of the erroneoufness of his principles, than of the depravity of his heart.

Sidney flew to 'his Nancy, who, clapping her hands before her face, declared that she would not see the man who had so thoroughly deceived her by pretending to love her,—while he paid no regard to her intreaties, by hazarding a life—which was now, to her sorrow, become necessary to her happiness.

The beginning of this speech was rather mortifying, but the conclusion was too kind not to make sufficient amends for it.

Mr.

Mr. Byam desiring them to make what haste they could to the coach, lest they should meet with some new obstructions, declaring, at the same time, that the gardens were so much altered for the worse since he was a young fellow, that he would never set his foot in them again, nor suffer his girl to come near them, Sidney again seated himself by his dear Nancy, and soon prevailed on her to forgive him.—He was, indeed, so transported to find that Wilks's behaviour had totally eradicated all the sentiments which she had entertained in his favour, that he blessed the moment of their rencontre, looking upon it as the most fortunate one of his life.—He remembered that rencontre with still more pleasure the next morning, for Miss Ferrers freely confessed that she did not know she loved him, though she had often



wished to return his affection for her, till she saw him in such danger.

It may easily be imagined with what pleasure he received such a flattering declaration.—It threw him into an extasy : he clasped her to his bosom, and kissed, a thousand times, those lips which had made so sweet a discovery, so full of gratitude, so full of love.

Blushing excessively at a freedom which he had never taken before, she broke from him, and shut herself up in her room with Miss Amyot, who had accompanied them home that evening.

When Henrietta was preparing to return to town soon afterwards, Sidney went to Mr. Byam, and begged him to give him his Nancy.

“ I give her to thee, with all my soul,” said the old gentleman, “ and fifteen thousand pounds into the bargain.”



gain. You shall have the other half of my fortune at my death."

"I want no fortune, Sir," replied Sidney, "I have enough to make this dear girl happy."

"Yes, but she shall bring something to make *you* happy; there's no harm in having money in the house, and you deserve it, if it was twenty times as much.—You saved her honour; you rescued her from poverty; and you defended her character when it was publicly insulted.—You, therefore, richly deserve her; and if she does not *love* you as well as I believe she does, she is a good-for-nothing little huffey."

"My dear Sir," said Sidney, "consider her extreme youth and her amiable modesty.—The concern which she discovered about my safety convinces me that I have gained her affection, but I cannot have her hurried."

"Not to be sure," said Byam, "you will spoil her.—The young fellows of this age are all in extremes; they are either stark flaring mad after girls, or else sneak at a distance, and treat them like goddesses; who, in return, treat their idolaters like dogs. Were I to rule the roast, I would have her married out of the way.—If you don't take care, I shall have her play me just such a slippery trick as her mother did. There's no such thing as keeping girls after sixteen I see."

Sidney smiled at the old gentleman's apprehensions, occasioned by the bustle at Vauxhall, but assured him that he was not at all afraid of his grand-daughter's slipping through his fingers: and, indeed, he behaved to her with so much delicacy and respect, that he entirely won her heart; and she certainly would have announced a passion as ardent as his  
own,

own, had not her amiable modesty prohibited the disclosure of it.

When Wilks and Shadow retired to supper, at a tavern in their way home, the latter told the former, that he had, he thought, acted more wisely in declining a duel—"isn't that a proper word?"—than in fighting. "I never loved fighting in my life."

"I believe you, Shadow.—But I did not decline a duel out of fear, as you would have done.—The truth is, I did not care to draw my sword against my friend. Besides, no man upon earth should oblige me to fight against my will. I am for Liberty in Action as well as in Speech."

"Aye," replied Shadow, like a parrot, "Liberty in action is the thing."

"And yet, with all your bouncing about Liberty, Shadow, you would, I'll lay my life, give it up in a mo-

ment if any body disputed it with you."

"Who I?" cried Shadow.—"No—let me perish if I do," continued he, kimbowing his arms, and strutting about the room.

On a sudden the door opened, and in came a round squat man, in his own grey hair cropped, with a leathern belt buckled about his body, and a large beaver hat cocked like a quaker's.

Wilks surveyed him with a critical eye, and looked as if he expected no small diversion from him.

Shadow, on the contrary, started back, full as much terrified as Macbeth is at the sight of Banquo's ghost seated in his chair, when he cries, "The table's full!"

Shrinking into the most contemptible image of cowardice, he said, with faltering accents, "My father, by the L—d!"

The



The drawer, who announced the above-described figure, first asked, if Mr. Shadow was there?

On his leaving the room, the old gentleman advanced towards his son, and peeping at him from head to foot, took out his barnacles, and fixing them very deliberately on his nose, re-viewed him with much accuracy.

Then, stepping back a few paces, and looking round him, he said,—  
 “No—this can never be my boy Tim; he is so transformed and transmogrified — faith! I don’t know what to say to it—Art Tim, or no? —Why doasn’t speak?”

Wilkes having scarce ever enjoyed more highly any figure in his life, said to Shadow (turning to him), whose knees knocked together, “Why don’t you speak to your father?”

Shadow, in consequence of that question, stretched his mouth from



ear to ear, and with an oafish tone, cried, "Yes, Father, I am Tim, sure enough?"

"The devil a bit do I believe you," replied the old man; and yet you have his height, his nose, his eyes,—my wife's eyes to a hair: but what have you done to your forehead? It was as smooth as a piece of glass when you left the *ball*; and now 'tis more wrinkled than an ape's backside. Your hair too is in such a fruz,—and what a jemmy waist-coat is here, with flaps no bigger than my tobacco-pouch, and rounded for all the world like that, at the bottom.—But, methinks, Tim, thy legs are rather too spare for such jessamy stockings: a good pair of knit worsted would fill them out better.—Your sword, I suppose, is to prick a vein with, when you want bleeding, for you don't appear able to make any other use of it.—Merchants, indeed, have

have no occasion for swords, in my opinion. The pen ought to be *your* weapon, boy, and debtor and creditor your reading.—But what do you do with that shuttle-cock of a hat, and before your father? Ha—Tim?”—

“Eye, Mr. Shadow, said Wilks, what, wear your hat before your father?—You must excuse him,—his surprize and joy at seeing you—”

“Aye,—aye,—surprise enough, I believe—But you seem to be a good sensible kind of man, Sir.—

“Sir, you do me an infinite deal of honour.”—

“Oh Sir,—(bowing)—you are a courtier, I perceive.—Well,—I have not left all my manners behind me, neither.—Yet I am consumedly mad to find that Tim has made such an ass of himself.”

“Come, Sir, said Wilks, let me persuade you to sit down, and take

part of a bottle.—You will like your son better by and by.”

“ I wish I may not like him worfe. —However, I must needs say, that you speak like a civil gentleman, and, therefore, I don't care if I *do* sit down a bit.”

“ As you please, Sir, answered Wilks : I shall be glad of your company, if you will favour me with it ; but I would by no means force any man to act contrary to his inclination : I am a professed lover of Liberty.”

“ Why aye,” said Mr. Shadow, so am I ; so am I :—but yet, under the rose, I don't rightly understand all that has been said about it lately, though I have read every one of the North Britons, ordinary and extraordinary as they say, more than once ; for you know, Sir, every man can't take in a thing clearly at the first reading.”

“ No

"No, nor at the *second* neither," said Wilks."—

"Why that now is *my* case; and the more I read, the less I comprehend.—In *my* opinion, now, there is a great deal more said about things than need be; so much writing backwards and forwards only takes up time, and is a great hindrance to business."

"You would, not, I hope, Sir," replied Wilks, restrain the Liberty of the Press, through which we are made acquainted with all kinds of political, commercial, and literary affairs, which are communicated to us daily almost hourly, and circulated through the nation, with a freedom peculiar to ourselves: no *other* nation can boast of *such* freedom, a freedom which has made us appear in a glorious light for so many ages."

“Who, I,—not I;—tho’ I don’t understand a word of all this, there may be others who do; and I would have us all satisfied if I could, and live in harmony and unity, and brotherly love, and so forth. For my own part, I hate nobody, not I, except a Frenchman; I *do* hate a Frenchman most mortally, that’s to be sure; but yet I think so much writing and talking about Liberty, and such little stirring, as one may say, is not the thing.—’Tis just as I tell my dame at home;—Prythee, woman, say I, don’t chatter so much for nothing: if you have a mind to do a thing, why do it in G—d’s name, and there’s an end of it.”

“Why aye, father,” says young Shadow, who had not yet ventured to join in the conversation, “I find I take after *you*, for that’s *my* way: I love to come to action; don’t I, Mr. Mr. Wilks?”

“Is



“Is that gentleman’s name Wilks?” cried old Shadow, rising, “—I profess I did not know you.—Sir,—I am proud of being known to you; —a near relation, I presume, Sir, of the famous John Wilks of Aylesbury, that noble defender and preserver of our lives and properties.”

“No way related to that gentleman, Sir,—I come from a different family,—I am the last male, and so, when I drop there will be an end of it.”

“Not so,—not so, I hope, Sir, you may have a son to inherit your generous principles.—Though your namesake has only a daughter, I hope, Sir, we shall never want a Jack Wilks to stand forth the champion for the Liberties of his countrymen.”

“I am no politician, said Jack; I am for the civil not political Liberty of the subject; and, therefore, shall never have a son to bear my name  
by

## no HISTORY OF

by inheritance, as I would not forfeit my freedom by marriage, if I could gain an empire by it."

"Why much may be said on both sides of the question," answered old Shadow, "Had I been of *your* mind, Sir, I should never have had that great staring lad there to provide for, who will, I doubt, be but a burthen to me,—and yet, one should do something for posterity: tho', as you observe, women are plaguy troublesome in a house, what with their whims and their vapours, their longing, and gossiping, and scolding.—A woman is the very spirit of contradiction.—Why there is *my* dame, as I said before,—say what I will, she flatly tells me that it is not so,—even tho' I have just read it in the news paper, and sure enough one does not know what to make of all the letters from A. B. and C. D.—*A Lover of his Country*.—*A true Englishman*,—and nobody knows who.

who.—They only confound me with telling one this, and that, and t'other, as how the nation's going to be ruined.—It has been so ever since I can remember, and I am sixty-six come Michaelmas.—We are pretty stout, however, for a ruined people; — tho' if one was to mind all that those fellows the news writers tell us, *fegs*, I believe, we should have been ruined long ago: for they are always advising us to buy when we should sell, and to sell when we should buy; and make such a confounded clutter about the fall of stocks, the price of corn, and the necessity of preventing the exportation of it, that we gentlemen farmers are in a fair way to be ruined indeed.—I wonder what a plague they make such a noise about engrossing the small farms.—'Tis the only way to make the landholder thrive,—all the poor shabby fellows who can't purchase, starve and rot in the county goal:

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goal: we substantial farmers, I say, should be the support of our country: if they would let us go on in our own way.—Why do *you* know now, how many load of wheat I have laid up against a rainy day, that is, till it will bear a good price?—You understand me, my friend,” continued he, winking at Jack, while he filled his glass, beginning to grow extremely communicative.

Jack encouraged his loquacity, by charging bumpers, and by so doing, in a short time put his head into a swimming condition. Then, turning to young Shadow, who was not in a more rational state, “What shall we do with this father of yours, Tim?” continued he, “A sad old dog, I see plainly,—by his own confession, a downright rascal; we will call for the bill, and leave him to the drawer, who may e’en shoot him into the street, when he is weary of him.”

Just



Just as this resolution was formed, a new person made his appearance. Mr. Worthy, knowing that old Shadow had left him to go in search of his son, of whom he might, he told him, possibly hear somewhere about Covent-Garden; finding it grow late, and fearing that he might have fallen into bad hands, desired his book-keeper, who was going that way, to make enquiries after him at the Coffee-houses, &c. &c. &c.

Postwell, accidentally seeing a waiter at the door of the house they were at, described young Shadow so exactly that the fellow said, "I believe, Sir, we have the very individual man at this moment with Mr. Wilks and another gentleman.— Shall I let him know that somebody wants to speak with him?"

On Mr. Postwell's replying in the affirmative, he was soon conducted to the room, occupied by Wilks and  
the



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the two Shadows, and having, after much intreaty, safely seated the father and the son in a hackney coach, conveyed them to Mr. Worthy's.

Wilks, after *their* departure, walked home to his lodgings with a light head, and still lighter pockets.

Mr. Wyndham, by this time being returned from the little excursion which he had made with his father, prepared to set off directly for Berkshire, and arrived soon afterwards at farmer Wheatly's.

After having made a number of enquiries concerning Myra, he dressed in order to visit *her* and Mrs. Melmoth.

It happened that the *latter* was gone to see a friend, who was very ill. Myra, therefore, was at home, by herself.

The servant, who opened the door, being a new one, told him that his lady was not within, but that if he  
would

would walk in and tell his name, he would let Miss Hyde know.

As Wyndham made no objection to that motion, the servant went up stairs to Myra.

Myra could scarce conceal even from *him* the flutter into which this intelligenco threw her.

She hurried down stairs, immediately, with a heart beating with gratitude.

Wyndham met her half way, and almost cathing her in his arms, kissed her with a respectful tenderness: apologizing for his freedom and impetuosity, by hoping that he might wish her joy on her situation.

Myra, blushing at not being able to hide her emotions, and trembling with joy, was only capable of answering him with a smile;—a smile, at the same time expressing the highest satisfaction, and giving new beauties to her face, which was, he thought, greatly

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greatly improved by the tranquillity she had lately enjoyed, added to the country air.

Seeing her, therefore, too much agitated to enter immediately into any regular account of herself, he led her to a chair, sat down by her, and talked of indifferent subjects till she had recovered her spirits sufficiently to pour forth her acknowledgments, for the great share he had had in her being so advantageously as well as agreeably situated.

When she *was* recovered, she expressed her acknowledgments in so bewitching a manner, that Wyndham would have been almost transported out of his senses with them, had he not been checked by considering, that her being pleased with him or not, was of no consequence, as he could derive no benefit from her feelings in his favour. However, tho' that consideration prevented him from giving way

way to the raptures which he would, probably, otherwise have indulged upon such an animating occasion, he felt a prodigious satisfaction at seeing her so happy, and so much affected at the sight of him.—But he could not bear to be thus overwhelmed with praises for what was very trifling, in his opinion, compared to what he wished to do for her.—

“ I merit no acknowledgments, Miss Hyde.—If I have been of the least service to you by promoting your felicity, I am, by seeing you happy, greatly overpaid.”

He stopt here, tho’ he longed to say more: but as he thought that he could not, without injuring her, endeavour to inspire her with an inclination, or to increase an inclination, already *felt* which could not be gratified, he was silent.

A sigh, however, plainly discovered the disquietude of his mind. Myra,  
eager



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cager to return the obligations she was under to him, and thinking it incumbent on her to please, to serve, to assist, to relieve him, made an excuse, directly, for not having asked him to take some refreshment after his journey, as he really looked pale and fatigued, rang the bell and ordered chocolate, cake, wine and jellies.

They were all set before him, but he was too much agitated to eat or drink.

“You are ill, then, I am sure,” said she, with an earnestness and a anxiety which charmed him;—“Is there any thing I can procure for your ease, or your recovery?”

“Nothing,” replied he, looking tenderly at her, and pressing her hand; “This amiable eagerness to make me happy, *must* compleat my happiness in time.”

He



He stopped again, though he wished to proceed upon a subject so pleasing to him for ever.

Luckily, Mrs. Melmoth returned home to his relief, and joined Myra in making him welcome.

Fain would she have persuaded him to accept of an apartment at *her* house, but he politely declined her offer, telling her that he would sleep only at Mr. Wheatly's, and dedicate all his waking hours to her and to Miss Hyde.

A compliment so judiciously applied to both could not be taken in a particular sense by either of them. He, accordingly, spent a great part of every day in company with Myra, who, every moment, grew more and more lovely in his eyes.—From the first time he saw her, he had been charmed with her person and manners; he was, now, not only convinced that she was as good as she was

was agreeable, but that she was extremely pleased with *him*, for having been instrumental in settling her so perfectly to her satisfaction. Vanity, therefore, prompted him to believe, that were it in his power to make the proposals he wished, he should, without much difficulty, prevail on her to accept of them.—Not that she behaved, in any respect, as if she was in love with him; her *carriage* was rather that of an affectionate sister, or of a tender friend; and as such a *character*, she left nothing undone to shew her esteem for him, and her desire to make him happy. By that esteem and by that desire, by her perpetual good-humour, and by her unwearied sollicitude to contribute towards either his ease or entertainment, she increased his passion for her to such a degree, that nothing but the extreme delicacy of it, and the fear of rendering her un-

2

happy

happy by an ill-timed discovery, could have kept it within bounds.

While they were in this situation, Sir Anthony Granger, who had been absent, for the first week after Wyndham's arrival, returned, and made his visits as usual at Mrs. Melmoth's. He repeated his assiduities about Myra; but as there was more gallantry than tenderness in his behaviour to her, and as she gave no encouragement to his attentions, Wyndham saw that behaviour and those attentions without uneasiness.

Myra, also, tho' not conscious of shewing Wyndham more regard at any time, than was due to him, before Sir Anthony, whose presence she looked upon as an interruption to the freedom they enjoyed with only Mrs. Melmoth, was more reserved and less particularly obliging to him: so that the Baronet suspected nothing of what passed in her mind.—Mrs. Melmoth,

however, who amused herself chiefly in making observations on those about her, soon perceived that never two people were more thoroughly prepossessed in each other's favour than Mr. Wyndham and her young friend ; tho' she did not, at that time, believe that they were so sensible of their mutual prepossessions themselves as she was, who sat by and saw the game of love playing before her : It was, indeed impossible for her to mistake the game, for every look, word and gesture discovered their hearts. The joy which sparkled in their eyes whenever they met, after the shortest absence ; the languor which instantly appeared in them, when the hour of separation arrived ; their anxiety about each other's health, the rapidity with which he flew to assist her upon every occasion, the undissembled transport with which she received all the proofs of his affection, the tenderness and  
avidity



avidity with which his eyes ran over her whole figure when she had been making any little change in her dress, the checks which he, visibly, gave to his admiration when she said any thing remarkably agreeable to him, when she read, when she sung, or exhibited any works of fancy in which she sometimes employed herself on Mrs. Melmoth's account:—all these marks of mutual affection Mrs. Melmoth from time to time observed; and she observed them with no displeasure.

As Myra, however, had not made known to her Wyndham's designs in her favour, she chose not to seem to see what was so very plain to be seen: and as she had a high opinion of *his* honour and of Myra's discretion, she determined to leave them to themselves.

Being thus, as they had the greatest reason to imagine, entirely unob-



served, they naturally became more unguarded.

Wyndham, indeed, was too much in love to bear quietly the confinement of his passion any longer in his own breast. When he sat by her, looking on her, and listening to her, devouring her almost with his eyes, how ardently did he wish to tell her how his soul doated on her ; to be assured that he had not deceived himself ; and to know whither she would be as ready to attend to him upon the subject which engrossed his thoughts, as she was attentive to every thing else that he said : but still he dreaded to speak, lest he should make her as restless and uneasy as he was himself. Yet, tho' he did not verbally declare his feelings, a thousand little trifling incidents sufficiently developed them.

When they went an airing with Mrs. Melmoth in the coach, he constantly

stantly sat by Myra, and on the slightest jolt caught her in his arms to save her from falling, though his assiduity was quite unnecessary.—When they walked, he was always by her side, with his hand ready to assist her or to defend her.--Sometimes, when he had prevailed on her to give him her hand, in order to help her over a stile or cross a bridge, he was loth to part with it again, and never parted with it unpressed in the tenderest manner. His tender pressures were also accompanied with heavy sighs, her answer to which with her eyes were satisfactory enough to occasion a considerable alleviation of his disquietude.

While they were thus intoxicated with each other, in their private interviews, Sir Anthony, beginning to think that Wyndham, whom he had known for some time, grew rather particular in his behaviour to Myra, and fearing to lose her for ever, was

stimulated by his apprehensions to make proposals; but as he was not willing to be refused by a woman, situated as *she* was in Mrs. Melmoth's family, tho' he was extremely fond of her, he took it into his head to mention his designs to Wyndham, imagining that if *he* made no objection, no objection would come from *her*. He, therefore, seized the first opportunity of speaking highly in her praise to Wyndham, concluding with the communication of his intentions.

Wyndham was almost petrified with surprize and vexation at this intelligence. He was, at first, so overwhelmed with it that he could make no reply.

This information, however, giving him time for recollection, made him sensible that as he could not marry Myra himself, he should give but a very mean proof of his concern for her happiness in hindering her from  
being

being advantageously married in every respect.

After having suppressed a sigh, therefore, he told Sir Anthony that he could not do better, as he did not know a more amiable and deserving woman in the world.

With these words he turned directly from him.

Sir Anthony, satisfied with this reply, smiled, as he quitted him, crying, "Poor Wyndham!" believing, and very rightly so, that he wished himself in *his* place, and resolving to carry his plan into execution immediately.

Wyndham, distracted at what he had just heard, returned to Mrs. Melmoth's, with a death-like paleness in his countenance, and a dejection almost insupportable.

Not seeing the ladies in the parlour, he supposed he should find them,



as it was a delightful evening, in the garden.

He knew not how to meet Myra, who was, however, the first person whom he saw.

She flew to him, but—started back on beholding the very great alteration in his looks.

“Bless me, Mr. Wyndham! what’s the matter, are you not well?”

“I have got a raging head-ach,” said he, clapping his hand before his eyes, to hide the emotions of his heart.

“I am excessively concerned,” replied the tender Myra: “Do, let me go in, and fetch something for you.”—

The tears rushed into her eyes while she spoke, to see such a change in him, and to hear his voice so faint.

He was, indeed, scarce able to stand any longer: he threw himself there—



therefore on the grass near a little green bench.

On that bench, which would hold but one person, she sat down in the most violent flurry of spirits.

Rising up hastily in a few moments, hardly knowing what she was about,—“Do not lie on the ground,” cried she, “it will make you worse, sit here,”—pointing to the bench which she had just quitted.

“No,” replied he, “I cannot.”

“Lean your head then against *me*,” answered Myra, almost bereaved of her senses to see him so indisposed.

Unable to resist such forcible proofs of her tenderness, with a sigh ready to break his heartstrings he suffered his head to sink upon her lap.

With a responsive sigh she let her arm fall by his side.

He caught her hand, and pressing it to his lips, printed a thousand kisses on it.

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Myra, afflicted and astonished, equally incapable of being undisturbed by his violent agitation, and of enquiring into the cause of it, remained mute and motionless.

Recollecting on a sudden, that his behaviour bordered upon madness, he rose hastily, and as hastily left her, still more amazed than ever.

While she was sitting, undetermined whether she should follow him or not, Sir Anthony (having asked Mrs. Melmoth, who, was, by that time come down into the parlour, for her, and having been told that she was in the garden) came up to her, soon after Wyndham was out of sight.

At first she scarce heard him, but no sooner had he explained himself fully, than she peremptorily rejected him, and with a bluntness too, which she would not have, perhaps, treated him with on any other occasion.

Sir

Sir Anthony, stung to the quick at a repulse which he so little expected, began to fancy that he had been duped by Wyndham, left her abruptly, returned to Mrs. Melmoth, and related his disappointment in terms, which shewed that he looked upon Wyndham as the cause of it.

Mrs. Melmoth told him, that she had never heard of Mr. Wynham's having made addressees of any kind to Miss Hyde, and that she did not believe he ever *had* addressed her as a lover.

This answer, however, did not satisfy the baronet. He thought himself affronted, and resolved to be revenged.

In such a frame of mind he left the house.

As soon as he was gone the restless, unhappy Wyndham entered the parlour.

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Mrs. Melmoth immediately acquainted him with what Sir Anthony had just communicated to her.

During her narration the melancholy which had overspread Wyndham's features gradually disappeared, and a rapturous satisfaction succeeding it, illuminated his whole countenance: so much, indeed, was it brightened that she began to fear she had been too precipitate with her intelligence.

At the conclusion of it he said, "Where is Miss Hyde?" and quitted the room without waiting for an answer.

Meeting Myra, sauntering homewards with a dejected face, he caught her hand eagerly, and cried, with a tender familiarity which he had never before noticed, "Is it possible that you can have refused Sir Anthony Granger?"

"Why



“Why not?” said she, with a disconcerted air, “Ought I to marry a man whom I cannot love?”

Wyndham’s eyes, at that moment, betrayed every secret of his fond heart.

Pressing her hands, he cried, “How blest, how supremely blest, will be the man whom *you* can love!”

Myra, touched to the soul at this exclamation, blushed, sighed, and turned away her face from him, to conceal, if possible, her emotions.

Mrs. Melmoth at that juncture coming to them, the conversation became general: though the satisfaction which shone in Wyndham’s eyes, and which was, of course, communicated to those of Myra, soon convinced their friend, that their reciprocal affection could not be much longer confined to themselves.

Myra, when she could recover herself a little, asked Wyndham if  
his

his head was better, with an inquietude that discovered how much she was interested in his ease and felicity.

Wyndham, by replying that he was perfectly well, with an alacrity accompanied with a pressure of her hand to his lips, which shewed that he could not stifle the sensations with which her anxiety about him had filled his breast, gave Mrs. Melmoth all the reason in the world to believe that he was determined to endeavour to prevail on his father to consent to his happiness.

Myra, seeing him unusually chearful, so different from the man he was at their preceding interview, yet rather more than less tender, and, seemingly, more attached to her than ever, gave herself up to a joy which she had not felt till then. She made no opposition to the numberless little proofs of his love which

he exhibited; she permitted him to hold her hand at long as he pleased, to put it through his arm, and to press it to his bosom or his lips. All these fondnesses he practised during their walks in the garden unperceived by Mrs. Melmoth. He even lingered behind, when it grew almost dusk, as if he looked for something.

Myra, ever attentive to his most trifling movements, stopped also.—He availed himself of that moment to throw his arm round her and to steal a soft kiss from her blushing cheek, sighing out, “Forgive me, my dearest angel.”

She broke from him, convinced that she should act very indiscreetly in suffering such freedoms, though she at the same time felt them very pleasing. She broke from him, prudently resolving to put a stop to them for the future, whatever it should  
cost

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cost her, without being less obliging to him in every other respect.

Just when they were going to sit down to supper, the servant brought a letter to Wyndham : it contained the following lines :

TO CHARLES WYNDHAM, Esq;  
“ SIR,

After having been so grossly duped by you, with regard to Miss Hyde, whom you would have palmed upon me for a woman of character, at the very time that she was become quite convenient to your pleasures, you cannot but expect me to insist upon the satisfaction fit for a gentleman to demand upon such an occasion, and which I shall be ready to receive at the lower end of the park wall at *four* to-morrow morning.

ANTHONY GRANGER.”

Wyndham, tho’ far from expecting a summons of this kind, and no friend



friend to duelling, yet wanted not courage to meet his adversary : and he was very much stimulated to the acceptance of his challenge by the injurious reflections thrown out against his beloved Myra, as unjust as they were infamous. Nothing, indeed, affected him so much as the dread of leaving Myra without a friend ; for though Mrs. Melmoth appeared to be firmly so at present, there could be no dependence, he thought, on female friendship.

After having desired the ladies not to wait supper, as he had some particular business to transact, he hastened, in spite of their endeavours to detain him till supper was over, to farmer Wheatly's.—From thence he immediately dispatched the following reply to Sir Anthony.

To

TO SIR ANTHONY GRANGER, Bart.

“SIR

Tho’ the reason you assign for your conduct is the very worst that you could have possibly urged for it, as the lady is the most virtuous of women, and is in no shape deserving of the calumny you levelled against her, yet as I am sensible that all I can say in her defence will be insufficient to vindicate her innocence, and rescue her character from your false and scandalous aspersions, I shall be at the place appointed, and at the hour specified.

CHARLES WYNDHAM.”

No sooner had he dispatched this letter, than he made his will. He left every thing that was in his possession—not a great deal—to Miss Hyde.—When the will was properly witnessed by the farmer and his servants, he sealed it up and gave it to  
Mr.

Mr. Wheatly, desiring him to deliver it to her the next day, if he did not come home by such a time.

He then sat down and wrote a long letter to Myra, to accompany the above packet, wherein he fully opened his heart to her, and assured her that he should have long before solicited her for the favour of her hand, had he not been certain that his father would not consent to make him happy, and conscious of his inability to provide for her without assistance: adding, that as he could not, without great uneasiness, think of a private marriage with her, lest he should, by consulting his own happiness, occasion a diminution of hers, by provoking the slander of malicious tongues, he had given up all expectations of that felicity with her, which he once hoped to have enjoyed.

When he had finished his letter and sealed it, he began to reflect that he

he might probably never behold again the dear girl, who had but just made him so happy by the rejection of his rival. He blamed himself for not having seized one quarter of an hour to take his last farewell of her; and could not help regretting the sad necessity of an eternal separation, at the moment he was resolved to throw himself at his father's feet, and to tell him that it was impossible for him to live without Miss Hyde.—He felt also, by anticipation, all the distraction which she would feel at the news of his death.—Fancy too pictured her so lovely in her distress, that he would have freely purchased a final embrace at the price of all he was worth in the world; from which the fear, only, of alarming her too much withheld him.

In this restless state of mind he spent the night, and was not, in the morning, more composed, as he was going



going to commit an action for which his principles condemned him. Reflection filled him with horror; his spirits, however, were sufficiently raised before he set out to the place appointed, and he appeared to Sir Anthony with a very determined air.

Sir Anthony asked him if he was ready.—The answer was in the affirmative, and they both drew.

After a few passes, Sir Anthony's sword pierced Wyndham's side so deeply that he fell, incapable of returning the thrust, and became senseless in a short time, through loss of blood.

As soon as the baronet saw him in such a condition, he called to his servant to take care of him, and hastened from the field of battle; for several country people were, by this time, risen to their work.

Some of those people assisted Wyndham's servant to support his master

master, while others ran to Mrs. Melmoth's with the alarming news.

Mrs. Melmoth, though prodigiously shocked, ordered them to bring him to her house, and dispatched a man on horseback for a surgeon.

She then went herself to break this disagreeable affair to Myra, in the best manner she could.

Myra had already heard the terrifying intelligence, and was in fits.

When the surgeon examined Wyndham's wound, he was desired by him, to say freely, if he thought it was a dangerous one.

The surgeon told him, that he must keep himself as quiet as possible; adding, that he hoped he should be able, after the first dressing, to give him a better account of it than he could at that time.

During the surgeon's attendance on Wyndham, Mrs. Melmoth, who had no great hopes of his recovery  
from

from what she had heard, sent an express to London, to inform the colonel of his son's situation, and then returned to assist Myra, whom she found watering the packet and letter, which Mr. Wheatly had, through ignorance and over-officiousness, brought her, with her tears; which, indeed, had almost rendered the contents of them illegible.

Mrs. Melmoth, having, the night before, when Wyndham left them, talked very freely to her of the discovery she had made of their mutual passion, and of the improbability of the colonel's ever consenting to receive her as his daughter, had, a second time, recourse to the most friendly and affectionate endeavours to prevail on her to make use of her reason, and to compose herself sufficiently to see Wyndham, if he should desire her appearance, without increasing the agitation of *his* spirits

by not concealing the flutter of her own.

“ ’Tis impossible for me, Madam,” replied Myra, in a faint and faltering voice, from her sighs and her tears, “ ’tis impossible for me to hide my distraction, on having been instrumental to the death of the dearest and most amiable of men.—I should be unworthy indeed of the generous tenderness with which he has behaved to me, ever since our first acquaintance (unhappy acquaintance for *him*! I am sure), were I not to feel the deepest affliction to be conceived.—But I wish to see him—let me shew him—while life remains—my sincere affection and gratitude, by every tender assiduity—let me go to him, madam,” continued she, rising in an agony of sorrow, “ another moment may be too late.”

Mrs. Melmoth was a little doubtful whether she ought to permit such



an interview, as his situation was so very critical, and in her fright and hurry had omitted to consult the surgeon, before he went about, his patient.

Myra grew half distracted with eagerness; though she exclaimed, at the same time, "How, how shall I look on him! How shall I bear the sight of my dear, murdered friend! murdered for *her* who would have died to save him? Had I foreseen this affair, I might have prevented it!"

While she was thus wringing her hands in anguish and despair, and insisting upon being suffered to go to him, his servant knocked at the door, and said that his master earnestly desired to see Miss Hyde.

This precipitate message threw poor Myra into another fit of trembling.

Having begged Mrs. Melmoth to go with her, they followed the man to his master's apartment.

Wyndham, holding out his hand, said, in a faint voice, "My dear Myra, won't you let me see you?"

She caught his hand, and pressed it tenderly to her lips, but could not speak: while he begged Mrs. Melmoth, by all the regard she had already shewn for Miss Hyde, who so well deserved her favour, and by all that she had declared for *him*, to do every thing in her power to comfort his poor dear girl.—"You can be no stranger to my love for Miss Hyde, madam," added he, "but you do not know half what my heart endures for her at this moment."—

"Say no more, for heaven's sake, Mr. Wyndham," interrupted Mrs. Melmoth, "keep yourself quiet; on your composure alone depends *your* life and *Myra's* happiness. I will

will do every thing for you both in my power, if you will not, by impatience and unavailing complaints, undo yourselves. Miss Hyde shall sit by you, provided you do not talk to her."

Myra, without attending to any thing but the voice of her Wyndham, threw herself on her knees by the side of his bed; with one hand she held his, the other was lifted up, while, with her streaming eyes also raised to heaven, she poured out the most ardent supplications for his recovery.

In this way she remained, except when she could administer any relief to him, till the surgeon came to take off the first dressing.

The surgeon assured his patient, that if no worse symptoms appeared, he hoped he might, with care, recover: telling Mrs. Melmoth, however, afterwards, that the greatest

danger was to be apprehended from the agitation of his mind.—“If that cannot be removed, or at least rendered not so violent, his fever may arise to a fatal height.”

—Mrs. Melmoth, therefore, though she feared that the colonel, when he came, would undo all that she had been doing, yet still permitted Myra to attend him, and excited her to say whatever she could think of to calm his mind, and give him hopes of being one day happy with her.

Myra, tho’ as hopeless as her good friend of ever being happy according to her wishes, complied with every thing which that friend proposed to her, to forward the recovery of her lover.

Just when he was beginning to mend, his father arrived.

Mrs. Melmoth met the colonel at his entrance, and related to him every circumstance concerning the  
above-



above-mentioned unlucky event; describing Myra in the most favourable colours, and assuring him, that if he offered to oppose Mr. Wyndham's passion for her, he would in a very short time be deprived of a son.—She said so much indeed to Miss Hyde's advantage, and talked so feelingly of Wyndham's situation, that his father began to listen to reason, tho' he was not willing to own himself a convert to it. After having thanked her, therefore, for her care of his son, he desired that he might be conducted to his apartment.

Mrs. Melmoth, however, chusing to give Myra time to make her escape before his entrance, said, “ I will first step up and let him know that you are coming, lest the surprize and pleasure together may be too much for him.”

Myra hearing her friend tell her, only in a whisper, that colonel Wyndham

ham was below, fell into such a trembling, that her lover was excessively alarmed.

He caught her hand, begged her to be composed; and assured her, that no father upon earth could make him change his opinion.—“I am resolved to be yours, one day, my dear Myra—though I may not, perhaps,—(sighing)—as soon as I wish to be.”

She replied, with great tenderness, that she was concerned only for *him*; and that he had already suffered so much on *her* account as to make her almost wish she had never existed.—“*My* existence indeed, would be very burthensome, did I not sometimes flatter myself that I contribute to make *yours* desirable.—Let me, therefore, intreat you not to torment yourself: do not disoblige your father on *my* account, for, let things take what turn they will, I shall ever  
love

love and esteem you! I can never bestow a single thought upon any other man."

Mrs. Melmoth then hurried her out of the room to make way for the colonel.

The colonel spoke very affectionately to his son, but made no mention of the occasion of his confinement.

Wyndham attempted once or twice to speak of Myra to his father; but the tremor which seized him when he began to open his mouth upon that subject, and the dread of a positive refusal, added to his extreme debility, chained up his tongue.

However, he resolved to press his father home for his consent, as soon as he had acquired a little more strength to support a longer conversation than he could, at that time, bear.

Poor Myra, in the mean while, was very unhappy ; she suffered doubly ; both for her lover and for herself. Fain would she have been excused from appearing before a man whom she looked upon in a terrifying light, and would have shut herself up in her own room, during his stay at the house, but when she could be with Mr. Wyndham, in his absence from his chamber,

Mrs. Melmoth, however, would not permit her to absent herself from his father. She not only insisted upon her coming down to dinner, but upon her dressing herself with all possible precision.

Myra thanked her friend for her kind intentions in her favour, but only sighed and shook her head ; nor could she be prevailed on to make her appearance in any thing than a very neat undress : her fine hair was neglected,



lected, her eyes were swelled with weeping.—

With her face covered with blushes she sat down to table with Mrs. Melmoth, and the father of her lover.

The colonel, though he really watched her very narrowly, affected to take little or no notice of her the first day; no more, indeed, than what common politeness required. Yet, though he discovered no particular pleasure at the sight of her, he shewed no kind of dislike to her.—

As to Myra, full of grief, and overwhelmed with despair, she said little, and ate less, and embraced the first opportunity to leave the room.

When she saw Wyndham by himself, she found by his looks that he wished to know how his father had treated her; tho', fluttered as he had been by his father's arrival, he was not so well as he was before.

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Myra's disquiet was therefore increased, and she was willing to discourage his speaking as much as possible.

They both passed a restless night.

The next morning, at breakfast, on the colonel's saying, with great concern, that he feared Charles was worse than when he first saw him, Myra, unable to restrain her grief, burst into tears, and went into an adjoining apartment.

The colonel, touched with her distress, rose hastily, and following her, took her by the hand, and said, "I cannot bear to see these tears, they make me feel doubly for my son."

"Oh Sir!" cried she, sobbing as if her heart would break, "What must I endure then, who am the unfortunate, the wretched cause of so much undeserved misery to the best of men?"

She

She could say no more—she was almost overpowered by the unutterable anguish of her mind.

The colonel, sitting down by her, took hold of her hand, and when she began to grow less agitated, said, with a penetrating look, “Do you then, really, love my poor Charles so tenderly;” and have you not endeavoured to secure his affection merely for the sake of an advantageous settlement in life?”

“Were I sure that he could be quite happy, Sir, I would never ask to see him again, though I should sacrifice my life to my self-denial.”

She could but just bring out those few words, and then, cruelly hurt by the colonel's only supposing that interest had any share in her attachment to Wyndham, attempted to leave the room.—

He stopped her.

"I believe what you say:—You are, indeed, an amiable creature;—make yourself easy:—If heaven spares my son, you alone shall be my daughter; for *you* alone can make him completely happy.—My word is never violated," continued he, seeing her look amazed; seeing *doubt* painted in her countenance.--She scarce, indeed, knew how to give credit to his promises, though they were delivered with a seriousness sufficient to convince her of his sincerity.

Fearful, however, as she was of being mistaken, she made him a respectful courtesy, and told him, that she would study to deserve his favour.

"I must insist, then, upon one thing," said he.—"It is quite necessary,—your affection for my son will soon convince you that it is—to keep him unacquainted with my resolution till he is better able to bear so great and so unexpected a change.—

Weak



Weak as he is, the sudden communication of what I have resolved may prove fatal?—But,—that you may be still more assured of my performing my promises, as soon as Charles is recovered, let me conduct you to Mrs. Melmoth, and make her a witness to my determinations.”

He then led Myra to her friend, and repeated all that he had just said.

Myra was deeply affected with *that* repetition, and it required all Mrs. Melmoth's friendly assiduity to enable her to support herself, so much flurried were her spirits by so unlooked-for and so interesting an event.

It was a considerable time before she could speak: she was very near fainting.

The colonel held her in his arms, and Mrs. Melmoth obliged her to take some drops in a glass of water.

When she was a little recovered, she again thanked the colonel in terms which

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which shewed of what consequence his favourable opinion of her was to her peace.

“Do not forget my precaution, Miss Hyde,” said he, tenderly.—

“Remember that our dear Wyndham’s life depends upon the observance of it.”

Myra, charmed with his paternal care and affection, flew to her lover.

She found him rather better than she expected. She never appeared to him in half so enchanting a light as at that moment. Thoroughly satisfied with the colonel’s behaviour to her, she felt herself more at liberty than ever to discover her affection for him, and she was not sparing of it. She gave him a thousand endearing proofs of her love; he was quite transported with her behaviour,—he looked on her with uncommon attention: he thought she was surprisingly cheerful: yet he saw that

she had been in tears. Ever since his father's arrival he had wished to know in what light *he* regarded her, yet had he been afraid to ask: and he was still fearful; but her uncommon vivacity, that morning, giving *him* encouragement; he said, "I hope, my dearest love, that my father behaves well to you."

"Perfectly well," replied she, with alacrity; "he is, I think, a very agreeable man."

"You seem to be satisfied with him, Myra?"

"Quite so, my dear Mr. Wyndham," said she, smiling tenderly on him.—"Gracious H——n!" cried he, half guessing at what he was not so soon to know.—"Is there any hope of his consenting to our happiness?—Oh Myra!—speak—tell me what does my father say? how does he behave, my dearest girl?—He is naturally polite.—Is he obliging to you,"

you," continued he, looking earnestly on her while he pressed her hands with all the eagerness of love.—

"You know, Myra, what transports such hopes will give me; if they can be reasonably indulged,—don't deprive me of so much satisfaction."—

"Would you but make yourself easy, my dear Wyndham," said she, with an air of absolute content, "Every rational hope might be indulged."—

"Is it possible?—Do not then delay my happiness:—if you love me, tell me what reason you have to talk in this enlivening strain."

"It is because I *do* love you; because I doat on you," replied she, no longer able to curb her emotions, "that I am silent."

"You have, then, something to tell me, Myra, and why you should thus conceal from me what would, you must be certain, give me so much joy,



## JACK WILKS. 161

joy, I cannot imagine. You cannot love me as you ought, while you keep me in this cruel suspense, this lingering torment."

Thus urged, thus accused, what woman, in her situation, could have kept a secret, the communication of which would, she knew, afford the highest satisfaction to the man of whom her soul was distractedly fond?—Myra could no longer comply with the colonel's injunctions.

First begging him, therefore, to be calm, and to hear what she had to say with composure, she told him every thing that had passed between her and his father.

The colonel's apprehensions were not groundless.

The transporting intelligence gave too violent a shock to Wyndham's spirits in his weak state. He could not return any verbal answer to his Myra; he could only reply with sighs, and

and with the tenderest pressure of her hand to her lips.—The sudden tide of joy flowing too rapidly thro' his veins forced open the wound, which was but newly healing, the blood issued in a torrent from it, and he sunk down in his bed without sense or motion.

Myra almost bereaved of her reason called him, aloud, her Charles, her love, her life, her Wyndham!

Finding, however, that he was not in a condition to hear her, she had just strength enough to pull the bell.—

As soon as she had pulled it, she fainted.

When the servant entered the room he really thought that Wyndham and Miss Hyde were both dead.

The colonel, Mrs. Melmoth, and the surgeon, who was, luckily, that moment come, all ran in, soon afterwards together.

Wyndham, opening his eyes, and seeing Myra, who had fallen on the

bed, by the side of which she had been sitting, was roused with terror, and called as loudly as he could to the surgeon, who advanced to assist him, to take care of Myra.

The servants had carried Myra to a sofa in the room.

"The lady will do very well," replied the surgeon, "but your situation, Sir, requires the utmost care."

While the surgeon was making proper applications to stop the bleeding, the colonel, shocked at his son's condition, and guessing at the cause of it, supported him in his arms.

Wyndham, seized *that* opportunity to shew his acknowledgments to his father for having consented to his happiness by clasping his hands, and looking up to him with gratitude.

This behaviour of his son's confirming the colonel's suspicions, his first words to Myra, on her recovery from her fainting fit, were, "How well

well you kept your promise, Miss Hyde?"

Myra, almost distracted with terror and remorse, threw herself on her knees before the colonel, begging him to forgive her, tho' she should never forgive herself, and assuring him that she had tried, to the very utmost of her power, to obey him.

"Oh! do not let her kneel, Sir," cried Wyndham: "she is no way to blame: it was *my* fault: I was so eager to know my fate, that I forced the secret from her."

The colonel, perceiving with what an excess of passion his son loved Myra, raised her up, kissed her, and gave her hand to Wyndham, desiring that as he had then complied with all his wishes, he would, in his turn, oblige *him*, by being particularly careful of himself, and not exerting himself too much to talk, as by so doing he might retard his recovery.

Myra,



Myra, at the same time, imposed silence, also, by putting her hand to his mouth; and as the surgeon declared that the great weakness from the loss of blood might, instead of being attended with any ill consequences, prevent the return of his fever, Mrs. Melmoth and her guests began to taste more tranquillity than they had for some time enjoyed.

Old Shadow had now finished the business which brought him to London, but he was not willing to return home without taking his son down with him for a few weeks, as Mr. Worthy seemed ready enough to part with him.

Tim had, indeed, since the commencement of his acquaintance with Wilks been only a trouble to his master, as he absolutely refused to do any thing but what his inclination led him to. — Old Shadow, however, told him, that he would  
under-

undertake to bring him under subjection when he got him down to the *Hall*. Mr. Worthy, therefore, joined with him in persuading Tim to go down to the habitation of his ancestors. But they talked to no purpose.—In consequence of Wilk's stimulations, he was determined to preserve his Liberty inviolate, and never to give it up but with his life. He swore that he would not return to the *Hall* to be kept under the hatches; “he would enjoy his Liberty in town.”

Old Shadow was so provoked at his son's thus flying in his face, that he would have had recourse to compulsive measures, had not Mr. Worthy prevailed on him rather to try what effect reasoning would have on him, before he proceeded to extremities.—

Shadow had, in fact, very little power over his son; for Tim was of age,

age, and could do what he pleased with his legacy; tho' it was, indeed, in his father's option whether he would allow him any thing when *that* was spent.

Mr. Worthy's advice, however, was thrown away upon the old gentleman, who, having imbibed as false notions about *Liberty*, by reading a parcel of inflammatory papers in the country; as his son had acquired by keeping the worst company in town; could not possibly be convinced that those who exceeded the bounds of moderation in any condition of life, and upon any occasion, generally repented of their conduct.—Mr. Worthy, if he had talked himself into a hoarseness, would never have convinced his obstinate opponent, that avarice, and not a true spirit of *Liberty*, had prompted him to distress the indigent in a season of scarcity; that his notions of freedom were in  
the

the highest degree absurd and erroneous ; and that prejudice and ignorance were the springs of his actions.

Equally absurd, equally erroneous, were Tim's notions of Liberty. In speaking his mind freely to his father he thought he shewed a spirit becoming a free-born Briton, forgetting all the while that he was only giving the strongest proofs of his disrespect and disobedience.—By contradicting people in conversation, by knocking down every sober man who differed from him in his riotous moments, and by spending his time with every profligate fellow who came in his way, he ceased to be a meritorious champion for Liberty, and degenerated into a contemptible tool in the service of licentiousness.

“ Those only deserve to enjoy the blessings of Liberty, who make a proper use of them ; and the way to merit them is not by the circulating money



money in an illegal manner ; and by taking advantage of the distresses of our fellow-creatures, but by discountenancing all kinds of extortion, and giving the utmost encouragement to every scheme calculated for the public good, without being influenced by any selfish motives.—Neither can those be properly stiled the Friends of Liberty, who open prison-doors, in order to release a set of abandoned wretches, to prey upon their species : wretches who have been confined, like wild beasts, that their power of doing mischief might be restrained. Nor are *they* to be ranked among the Supporters of Freedom who go about corrupting weak minds, infusing bad principles into them, and making them not only dissatisfied with the government in general, but discontented with even the restrictions of reason, when the passions are rising in rebellion against her : restrictions

which can never be safely disregarded."

In this strain did Mr. Worthy address himself to both the *Shadows*; but he wasted his breath upon them. Neither of them listened to him; and they would not, perhaps, have comprehended the drift of his discourse, if they had given him the most attentive hearing: he was obliged, therefore, to leave them to follow their own inventions.

The father, finding that he could make no impression upon the son, returned home, saying that he knew he must come to him when his money was all spent, unless he went upon the road.—“But he has not courage enough to turn highwayman, I believe.”

Tim, having thus got rid of his father, renewed his intimacy with Wilks.

Returning home one evening in a chaise, they were attacked, upon

Shooter's Hill, by a highwayman, who demanded their money; but who, at the same time, appeared in such a tremor, that Shadow told Wilks, after his departure, that though he did not at all like a pistol, he believed that they might have escaped with their cash, if they had *stood it out*, as the fellow looked frightened out of his wits.

"And I am sure," said Wilks, "if I had offered to make any resistance, all *thy* little wits would have been lost in the fray. — No, no, poor rascal, let him have it, he may want it more than we do."

"I don't know how *your* pockets feel," said Shadow, "but mine, I am sure, begin to be consumed light; and, if we go on so, I must sell another hundred to-morrow."

Just as he had uttered those words, a couple of country fellows came up to them, saying that they had got

scent of the highwayman who had robbed them, that they were going in search of him, and that they hoped to lay him in the county goal before the next morning.

“ And what right have you,” cried Jack, “ to take away a man’s Liberty? He never offended *you*—or, suppose he had, would you be such villains as to redress one evil by committing a greater.—No, no,—let him go about *his* business, and do you go about *yours*.”

“ Why sure the gentleman’s mad, Tom,” said one of the fellows,” to want to hinder us from taking a rogue.”

“ Mad or not,” replied his comrade, “ I have nothing to do with that; if I catch him, I must have the reward.”

“ Is that your only motive, rascal,” said Wilks, “ you shall then stay where you are;” giving him a good smart cut with his whip.



The fellow, on being so roughly saluted, turned about, and aimed at him with his fork.

Wilks, saving himself from the blow designed for him by his agility, took up a pistol, and very coolly presenting it, said, "Now do you chuse to let both *me* and the highwayman alone, or to have a brace of bullets in your guts, for troubling yourself about an affair which you have nothing to do with."

"I'll not meddle with *you*, I swear," said the fellow; "but I'll take the highwayman, if I can, for all your bullying."

"You had better let it alone," said Wilks, in a threatening tone, quite regardless of Shadow's intreaties, who very much urged him to drive on.

"There's no standing against that pistol," said the fellow to Wilks, "or else I would have a fair push at  
I 3 you,

you, for I believe that you are as great a rogue as he who is just rode off: but I never saw one thief rob another before."

"Well," replied the other, walking away, "we had better go home, for, let him be what he will, if he won't prosecute, we can't get the reward; and that's all *I* wants."

Shadow, who always shook with fear at the most distant appearance of danger, rejoiced at their departure. He was not, however, destined to enjoy himself *that* evening in peace.

On their arrival in town, they fell in with a considerable body of sailors surrounding a hackney coach, in which were two women of the town, going to the house of correction.

Jack, ever zealous in the cause of Liberty, made his way thro' the thickest of them, and, addressing the tars, cried, "Avast, there, what cheer, brothers?"

They

They all roared out at once, "A rescue, a rescue!"

One of the girls, throwing herself out at the coach door into Jack's arms, said, "My dear Wilks, is it you?—Now, gentlemen," continued she, to the sailors, "you may be sure of victory, for you have the noblest champion for Liberty in the world on your side."

They, then, all shouted, "Liberty!" while Wilk's bore off the girl, who had, though unasked, put herself under his protection.

One of the sailors followed them, with the girl, leaving the rest of their gang to settle matters with the constable, and fight it out as well as they could.

Wilks carried his prize into the first tavern he came to. They were followed by her companion, and a young midshipman, whose attention she had so forcibly attracted, that he

had been instigated to rescue her from the officers of justice, who had got her into their hands.

Shadow sneaked by himself in the rear: he always, indeed, hung back upon these occasions; and, though no man loved wine or women better, he was ever more ready to venture his purse than his person to procure them.

When the ladies had been seated a little while, and when Wilks and his new acquaintance, Sam Decker, had called for some refreshment, desiring the ladies to call for gin without any ceremony, if it was agreeable to them, Wilks's girl rose, came up to him, and throwing her arms about his neck, cried, "What, my dear Jack, have you forgot me? I am sure I have all the reason in the world to remember *you*. I have severely smarted for that cursed love of Liberty, which you taught me was the only thing valuable, that night you carried



ried me home to your lodgings ; and I was at last going to Bridewell to hard labour, which you must own is quite contrary to those principles of yours, my dear friend, never to be forgotten—I was therefore never so rejoiced at the sight of any fellow since I was born.”

“ How, how’s all this ?” cried Jack : “ let me perish, child, if I remember to have set eyes upon you—I never saw you till this instant.”

“ La! well,” replied she, in a wheedling tone, “ and so you have really forgotten poor Sally, with her band box, whom you found at her mistress’s door, and persuaded never to put herself in the power of a tyrant again ; and run on so much about Liberty, and no confinement, that you bewitched me from my duty ?”

“ You lying jade,” said Wilks, “ did I first seduce you from your duty ? Had you not played truant, be-

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fore I spoke to you, with Tom the hair-dresser? I recollect you now; but you are so confoundedly altered, that you might have remained unremembered by me to all eternity, but for that circumstance:—Therefore pray don't lay your sins to me."

"I will tell the truth, for once in my life," said Sally, "for I do honestly and sincerely believe, that had not *you* come cross me just then, and hallowed so much of your Liberty in my ears, which too well agreed with my own inclination, I should have been a very good girl, and, perhaps, in good business—I mean, in a reputable way by this time: so that I shall place all the misery which I have suffered, and all I am likely to suffer, to your account, and I hope that you will not go unpunished."

"Wh—ew!" cried Wilks, "what a nimble tongue?—Why faith! after all, I don't believe you are that indi-

vidual Sally—*She* was a pretty little slut enough; pert, but exceedingly low in her language: whereas *you* talk in a style above the run of common w—es.”

“Oh! Sir,” replied she, “I have kept the best company since I left you, from lords in a bagnio, to link-boys in a night-cellar—Yet, I have not, like you, forgot my old friends, *you* see—I might have remembered *you* too in a worse place.”

“Thou hast the devil of a memory, I perceive,” said Wilks—“Now, for *my* part, I make it a rule to forget what is disagreeable to me—”

“Eh—” replied she, with a great deal of affectation, “Is it possible to think Mr. Wilks disagreeable?”—looking at him with a significant smile.

The other female, who had not yet made any reply to the several advances towards an amorous parley of—

ferred by Mr. Decker, cried, on a sudden, in a languishing voice, but with accents exquisitely sweet, "Is your name Wilks, Sir? and were you not last summer at ——? and did you not oppose the justices in supporting a methodist preacher upon the Common!"

"Well? and what then, my dear?" said Jack.

"Why then, Sir," replied she, bursting into a flood of tears, "to that fatal opposition I owe my ruin——"

"Hey day!" cried Wilks, "what? have we got Melpomene and Thalia, Tragedy and Comedy, in a couple of w——es? But how is it possible that I could, by standing up in defence of Crispin and his congregation, have the least part in *your* affairs, my pretty one?"

"Oh! Sir," answered she, weeping, "you do not know what mischief those hypocrites occasion in families;



milies; and had he whom you supported been driven out of the town that day, I had never been the poor lost wretch I now am."

Decker, who had, from the first sight of her, been struck with her person, which was uncommonly beautiful, (for she was elegantly formed, had fine, dark, large, languishing eyes, the most inviting mouth imaginable, and teeth as white as ivory), notwithstanding the disorder of her dress, her pale complexion, and the languor diffused over her whole countenance, was so touched with her melancholy looks, that he desired to hear her story.

She complied with his request, in the following terms:

"My FATHER was a reputable tradesman in the town I have just mentioned, and reckoned to be, in understanding, superior to many in *his* sphere of life, he therefore attempted

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tempted to bring up me, his only child, in a manner rather above the common run of girls in *my* station; but he was cut off by a fever, before he had time to save any thing sufficient for the maintenance of my mother and myself, who were, at his death, taken home by his brother—We were kept indeed by *him* from absolute want, but received not the treatment we had reason to expect, as my father had once been of considerable service to him; and it was entirely owing to my father that my uncle acquired a very pretty fortune.

“My mother did not, however, intend to live upon him in idleness, though a lingering illness, occasioned by my father’s death, prevented her for some time from fulfilling her intentions—As soon as she grew better, she endeavoured, by working with her needle, and I also worked with her, to render herself, in some  
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measure, able to provide for our subsistence.

“ We continued to live in this manner till that fatal evening, when we were drawn by curiosity to listen to the enthusiast you encouraged— In an unlucky hour my mother heard him; for she became but too attentive to him for her peace—Being naturally of a tender, melancholy disposition, and exceedingly depressed by the death of my father, her heart was too ready to receive impressions which never could be effaced. She constantly made one of his congregation during the time he staid among us, unfortunately got acquainted with several people in the same pernicious way of thinking, and when he left the country, which after my father's death grew very disagreeable to her, came to London, on purpose to be near the Tabernacle at Tottenham-court.

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“ I followed her, much against my uncle’s consent, who was so provoked at our obstinacy, in leaving him to run after a set of mad fanatics, that he made our departure a pretence to get rid of us for ever, and swore that we should never enter *his* doors again.

“ My mother died within ten days after our arrival in London. I wrote, letter after letter, to my uncle, to beg only for a sum sufficient to bury her in the most ordinary manner, but I could not obtain any answer from him.

In this distress, to whom could I then so properly apply as to our pastor?

“ Stroaking my face, and chucking me under the chin, he told me, that I must not repine at what was the Lord’s doing, as he did what seemed to him best—“ If you are a good child,” said he, “ and attend  
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punctually at the Tabernacle, the Lord will find a way to relieve all your anxiety."

"In short, Sir, this monster, for he deserves not to be called a man, introduced me, in a few days, to a *brother*, whose principles were as vile as his own, who, after discharging all the debts we had contracted, took advantage of my gratitude, or rather let me say, my dread of labour and poverty, to make me subservient to his pleasure.

"For two months he kept me in ease and plenty—But how can I say ease, when I had an intolerable load of misery upon my mind, occasioned by shame and remorse, which nothing can remove, and which is every hour increasing.

"When I found myself with child, I doubly felt the infamy of my condition; but my keeper made light of all my penitential expressions, and pro-

proposed methods to lessen the anguish I felt, with regard to the entire loss of my reputation, of which I could not approve—Overpowered, however, by his persuasions, and, indeed, intimidated by his menaces, I at last consented——Yet—Heaven knows, with what reluctance I consented—But as the remedies I took impaired my constitution, and injured my health to such a degree, that I was no longer capable of giving any satisfaction to my seducer; he was brutal, he was barbarous enough to turn me into the street, without any money for my subsistence: and I had no friends to assist me; for how can she expect to find a friend, who has brought herself into wretchedness by her own criminal conduct?

“Thus, deservedly, deserted by every body, and not knowing where to lay my head, as not a creature would take me in, I became, through necessity,



cessity, a prostitute to every vicious wretch, for the gratification of his inordinate desires. Wore down, at length, by sickness, poverty, and despair, I strove, this evening, to reach that humane asylum, in which many unhappy women, like myself, have found a secure retreat—from temptation at least—But, while I was crawling along Fleet-street, I was taken up, and forced into the coach, from which—I thank Heaven—I am delivered—I ought, indeed, to labour for my support, but I am not at present able to subsist by the labour of my own hands: I will, therefore, again set out towards, to that hospitable mansion for the reception of friendless and distressed penitents.”

Here this poor creature finished her narrative. Decker was so touched with it, that he caught her in his arms, and instantly offered, with all  
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the frankness and generosity of a TAR, to keep her till death should divide them.

The girl, however, shrinking, like a sensitive plant, from his embrace, after having modestly thanked him for his kindness, said, that nothing should hinder her from executing her first design—"And I hope I shall accomplish it," added she——

"Why then, my girl," said he, "since thou hast such an honest heart, here is a couple of guineas to put you in a little better trim on your first going in."

"Generously done," cried Wilks, "as she is so desirous of losing her Liberty: though, 'tis *my* opinion that she will be glad to get out again, and indeed, she may possibly change her mind, before she throws herself into voluntary confinement."

"Never, Sir," said she, "I have but too much Liberty: had I never  
been

been suffered to follow my own inclination; had I listened to my uncle's advice, I should not have been the wretch I am—Yet—I could not leave my mother——But H——n will, I hope, pardon my first error, which occasioned all my other fatal mistakes.”

“ Too much Liberty has also been *my* ruin, said Sally; but it was of another kind.——Could I but have kept constant to *one* man, I might, at this time, have rode in my own coach: and now, I don't believe,” continued she, leering at Decker, “ that I shall be able to obtain even half a guinea of any man; though I have been as honest in my confession as *she* there: but, kissing goes by favour.—

“ Faith! if I had any money in my pocket,” said Wilks, “ I would give you half a crown, if it was only to get rid of you: but we have been robbed; and so, Shadow, I must leave

leave *you* in pawn for the reckoning till to-morrow morning."

"Leave yourself," replied Shadow, "for you know you can't get a far-thing out of me."

"The devil take the fellow," cry'd Sally; what company am I got into?" —(seeing Decker sily follow her companion, who went out ;—) you might as well have let me go to Bridewell, as not to advance money enough to put me in a way to carry on my trade; but you are a couple of pitiful scoundrels, or you would not have meddled when you knew that you had no money.—Faugh, how I hate a fellow with empty pockets!"

With these words she flounced out of the room.

Neither Wilks nor Shadow attempted to detain her: the latter was obliged to send for the master of the house, and deposit his watch by way of pledge, till he procured money enough for the discharge of the bill.



Wilks himself had not a few matters of the same kind to settle, having not, for some time, met with his usual success at play. Yet still thoughtless of the *future*, and unheedful of the *present*, he plunged still deeper and deeper in debt; unable to brook confinement, or, indeed, to bear the least restraint upon his Liberty. Like other wrong-headed people, however, he defeated his own designs. For want of the true spirit of Liberty, for want of a laudable desire to render himself independent, he was in a fair way of being confined for the remainder of his days.

Shadow, however, who was still foolishly attached to him and to the *cause*, sold out, and redeemed his watch.—They then went on, both of them, in the old style of life,—ran into new scrapes, and brought new difficulties upon themselves.

Mr. Wyndham was, by this time, perfectly recovered, and with his fa-

ther's entire approbation, every thing was preparing for his marriage with Myra. Mrs. Melmoth requested that the ceremony might be performed at *her* house.—The colonel consented, and the young lovers were united with the happiest omens.

With not less happy prospects did Sidney in a short time afterwards enter into matrimony with his Nancy, whom he at last prevailed on to make him completely blest : not that she delayed to make him so thro' reluctance ; her tardiness was only occasioned by a little maiden modesty, which rendered her doubly amiable : and as Mr. Byam appeared very much in a hurry to deliver her, absolutely, to the care of Sidney, the latter had an opportunity of discovering his delicacy by intreating the old gentleman not to tease her too much.—By so doing he endeared himself to her, more and more every hour, and she  
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really, at length wished for the day appointed for the joining of their hands with as much earnestness as her lover did.

During these transactions, Sir Anthony Granger, who thought he stood a very bad chance in case of Wyndham's death (and yet believed himself to have shewn quite a proper spirit in resenting Wyndham's behaviour, which he looked upon as highly unjustifiable) but who thought also that he could not fly without ignominy, remained, contrary to the persuasions of his friends, in London.—He so far, indeed, listened to them as to consent to live rather in a private manner,—so that few people knew where he was.

It happened that the gentleman who had prevailed on him to stay at his house till they heard whether Wyndham was likely to recover, was

a very near neighbour to Mrs. Amyot, and one of her particular friends.

Sir Anthony was by no means ill-natured: he was, in truth, possessed of many amiable qualities.—His figure was extremely agreeable; but that very figure was the cause of the remorse which he felt on having fought the life of a fellow creature.—Being too sensible of his attractive person, he could not bear to be overlooked, and to see another preferred: Besides, he really imagined that Wyndham had acted very unfairly, that Myra was his *mistress*, and that he wanted to provide for her by putting her off upon *him*. By these motives, not altogether to be condemned, he was actuated; but on a retrospect of his conduct he was far from being satisfied with it, and the having endangered a man's life did not sit easy upon his mind.—As to Myra, he thought no more of her: the woman  
who



who had given so striking a preference to another man, was an object of no consequence in his eyes.

In this train of thinking he first met Mrs. and Miss Amyot. They were both uncommonly sensible and agreeable as companions: the mother had seen, and conversed with, a great deal of the polite world, but the daughter was the person who chiefly attracted the baronet's attention, tho' he had determined, at that time, to think no more about the fair sex. The charms of Henrietta, however, arising from her manners and her disposition, unaccountably weakened his resolution.

Sir Anthony being as sure as a man could be that Miss Amyot was really of an unblemished character, treated her with a respect which did not lessen him in *her* estimation, or in her mother's. But as these young people met determined, as they believed, to

be indifferent, he to all women, and she, prepossessed only in Sidney's favour, to all men, they took no pains to please each other.—

How little are we able to account for the various movements of our hearts in different situations!

Sir Anthony became every day more and more glad to see Henrietta, and *she* looked upon him as the most agreeable man, next to Sidney, whom she had ever seen: but as his secret, in spite of all his friend Mr. Martin's circumspection, had got air, Miss Amyot began to view him with less favourable eyes, and to wonder how it was possible for her ever to have thought on him and Sidney at the same time.

Thus suddenly prejudiced against him, she grew careless of her behaviour, grew cool, grew indifferent, and in short was totally changed.

Sir Anthony soon perceived the alteration in her carriage, and it af-

fectcd him more than he supposed it would have done: believing, therefore, that he had, thro' inadvertence, said something to displease her, he resolved to repair his fault by being more attentive, more assiduous than ever: but his attentions and his assiduities were ineffectual; she was merely civil to him as to the friend of Mr. Martin.

Hurt to a still greater degree by the distance which she kept, he determined to know, if possible, the meaning of it, as he had no reason to believe that she received serious addresses, at that time, from any man. He had frequently visited at Mrs. Amyot's, since his first meeting the ladies at Mr. Martin's, and had never met a man there in the least like a lover, nor had he ever heard of a lover's being expected, tho' he had called in at different hours of the day.—“ She must certainly be of-

fended with me, and I must find out the cause of her resentment."—

In consequence of this determination, he watched, perpetually, for an opportunity to speak to her in private, and during his moments of vigilance, in order to come at an *Ecclarcissement*, had the great satisfaction to hear that Wyndham was quite out of danger.

On the receipt of that intelligence, Mr. Martin imagined he would return home: but Sir Anthony, unable to leave Henrietta, took little notice of it; nor did the joy which he at first felt on hearing that he was not the murderer of the man whom he once called his friend, long brighten his features.—He soon grew serious, restless, and unquiet. His anxiety was plainly perceived both by Mrs. Amyot and her daughter. Henrietta particularly observed it, tho' she affected not to see it.

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Melancholy, which seldom makes any face appear to advantage, actually gave new charms to the countenance of Sir Anthony. He never looked so handsome as when he fixed his fine penetrating eyes, with an impassioned languor in them, on the features of Henrietta.

No woman, perhaps, can see a man behold her with the eyes of love, without feeling some emotions in his favour, tho' her heart may not be entirely disengaged. Miss Amyot, tho' a good girl, was not averse to admiration, and the baronet's *tender* appearance flattered her vanity so much, that she thought he never looked so attractive. For some time, however, she gave him no reason to believe that he should procure the information which he so ardently wished for.

At last he seized a favourable moment, and asked her if he had been

so unhappy as to offend her in any shape?

"I never once thought about you," replied she with the utmost indifference.

Stung to the quick at this frigid answer, he rose and left the room.

Returning to Mr. Martin with a violent discomposure in his looks, the cause of the alteration in him was demanded with a friendly importunity by that gentleman. He replied, "I am almost ashamed to tell you, that a woman has again been so soon the cause of my chagrin. Yet must I confess, that I feel for Henrietta more than I ever felt for Myra.—It was not so much love for Miss Hyde, as resentment against her lover which impelled me to send a challenge to Wyndham."

"And *that* resentment, you will now, I believe, freely confess," said Mr. Martin, "carried you too far.

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It has, I fancy, prejudiced Henrietta against you; for with regard to the morals of the man whom she would be inclined to receive as an honourable lover, she is, I know, pretty strict."

"Strict indeed," cried the baronet, pained by an additional vexation; "if she refuses every man who has spirit to resent an affront, she may never be married as long as she breathes."

Sir Anthony, tho' he still affected to be unconcerned at the behaviour of the lady whom he admired, could not bring his heart to accord with his lips. He went so far, indeed, as to tell Mr. Martin, that he would take leave of him, and return to Berkshire; but, the next morning, informed him that he had changed his mind, and would stay with him a little longer.

Martin smiled at his irresolution,

but being really his friend, and knowing that, with the extreme warmth of his remper, he had also a great many good qualities, he ventured to talk to Mrs. Amyot and to her daughter,—nay even persuaded Henrietta to look more kindly on a man who was generally esteemed an amiable one.

“ I can never esteem a man who has been engaged in a duel.”

Mr. Martin said no more to the ladies, after so decisive an answer, but related to Sir Anthony what had passed between them on *his* account.

The baronet changed colour ; but, having thanked his friend for speaking so favourably of him, asked, with much anxious earnestness, if Miss Amyot had no other objection to make to him.

On Martin's saying that she mentioned no other to *him*, Sir Anthony resolved to make a vigorous effort to remove it.

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In order to facilitate the execution of his design he repeated his visits more frequently to the ladies, and strove, with redoubled assiduity, to make himself agreeable to Henrietta, whose behaviour became insensibly more and more obliging to him, but when he discovered any thing like love in his carriage, and then she instantly resumed all her reserve.

Tired, at length of a state of uncertainty and suspense, he ventured to speak.

He spoke, and was rejected.

She rejected him, however, with much civility, and her answer was accompanied with a confusion which, as he considered it not to be a proof of her hatred to him, encouraged him to intreat her to say why she appeared so averse to him?

This question increased her emotions. Fain would she have evaded a reply; but he became so very im-

fortunate, that she could not politely refuse to give him her reasons for her behaviour.—“ Our principles are so very opposite, that I cannot, possibly, think of you in the light you, seemingly, wish to appear in to me.”

Sir Anthony, who only wanted to bring her to this point, replied, that he hoped she had been misinformed with regard to him : but that he had so very high an esteem for her, that he would solemnly promise to be in every respect the man she wished him to be.

“ Were it possible for me to believe, Sir Anthony,” said Henrietta, “ that there is any serious meaning in your complaints; I know too well the great difficulty of making a change in sentiments which have been long established, to suppose that I am capable of working a miracle, by occasioning an alteration in *yours*. I shall therefore, think no more about it,”

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continued she, rising, to leave the room.

Sir Anthony, taking her hand, and leading her back again to her chair, desired that she would, at least, stay and hear what he had to say in his defence.—“ I must intreat you, Madam, in the first place, to tell me in what particulars we differ so entirely from each other.”

Miss Amyot would have, a second time, avoided a direct answer, but he begged so earnestly to be made acquainted with his faults, that he might immediately set about mending them, that Henrietta, at last, replied, with much spirit; “ The man who can be cruel enough to attack the life of the person whom he calls his friend, and daring enough to hazard the salvation of his own soul, by rushing into the presence of his Maker unsummoned, must be, in my opinion, incapable of feeling happiness

piness himself, and of communicating happiness to any other fellow-creature."

Sir Anthony, tho' he had really more than once repented of having acted so rashly for the gratification of his revenge, being, at that time, however, willing to owe the merit of his reformation totally to the lady, protested that his sentiments exactly coincided with hers. "I feel so much remorse, Madam, for what I have done, that I am determined to write immediately to Mr. Wyndham, to confess my folly and temerity, and to ask his pardon.—Let me only intreat *you* before you absolutely condemn me to condescend to peruse my letter before I send it, and to correct what you disapprove of in it."

Henrietta, who, in spite of her good understanding, felt herself not a little fluttered by the extreme humility of her admirer, affected to put him  
off ;



off; but Sir Anthony brought his letter, which was so pathetically and so properly penned, that it required a nicer judgment than hers to mend it.

She blushed at being thus caught; but the baronet's visits were continued and permitted.

Wyndham's answer, written immediately after his marriage, just in the possession of all his wishes, was elegant yet friendly, and did Sir Anthony so much justice that it had a greater effect upon Miss Amyot than all which he had been saying to her.—He, at length, gained her consent, but they were not, till some time afterwards, married.—By his constant and unvaried attentions to please, he was happy enough to gain also her heart.

Wilks never having had any idea of œconomy, consequently discovered no more marks of frugality in the disposal of his friend Shadow's money, which

which they shared together while it lasted, than in the circulation of his own: they shared it between them for their pleasure, but as there were many other articles which became pretty expensive to Wilks, as he both fed high and dressed well, he was soon a good deal in debt.—He now and then, indeed, picked up a little at play, but he soon lost it again.—However, tho' poverty stared him in the face, her hideous features made a very slight impression upon him.

—Passing one evening by the Play house, when a new *petite piece* of two acts was to be exhibited for the first time, he stepped into the pit.

“If I don't like this new Farce,” said he to Shadow, who was by his side, “we will damn it.”

“But you will stay and see whether you like it or no, won't you?” said a gentleman who sat next to him; “Besides, your friend may not, perhaps, be of *your* opinion.”

"My friends, Sir, is as strongly for Liberty of speech as I am."

"Ay, ay, Liberty of speech," echoed Shadow, "and of action too."

"Yes, Sir," replied the gentleman, "but you will, I suppose, stay and see whether you like the piece or no, as I said *before*. If you claim a Liberty of speaking, you will, I hope, allow other people the same freedom? the author of this entertainment has a right to a fair hearing from the audience, without interruption, that they may give their impartial opinions about it.—The public, in their turn have a right to demand a quiet exhibition, for without such an exhibition how can they, possibly, determine whether it is good or bad?"

"And I, as one of the public," said Jack, "have a right to oppose the representation, if I please."

"But in so doing you will not act agreeably to the principles which you

have just now professed.—You have declared yourself in favour of Liberty : now Liberty for one, is Liberty for another.”

“ I agree with you there,” cried Wilks, “ and will, therefore, drive the piece to damnation this instant.”

“ Why then,” answered his antagonist, “ I will drive you out of the house.”

“ *You drive me!*—we’ll soon see that,—come on Shadow.”

The sight of a drawn sword in the middle of the pit, soon occasioned a violent uproar. The whole house rose : some were on one side, some on the other. Those who were seated near the gentleman who disputed with Wilks, and who had heard some part of the altercation between them, gave out that the quarrel was about Liberty.—The dispute being now put upon a new footing, every body engaged in it according to their different



ent prejudices.—The clamour was so great that they could not, possibly, get at the truth of the affair: they misunderstood each other and party and passion combined to keep up the spirit of opposition.

In the midst of this confusion, the author endured not a little anxiety, for want of a just explanation of the cause of the riot. Some said, that a party was come to damn the piece, and others to oppose it. The women shrieked, and many of them fell in fits; and the men who attended them were employed in getting them out.

Very near the spot where Wilks was still wrangling with his opponent, a woman fainted upon the bench and fell between them. Common humanity prompted them both, at variance as they were, to offer her some assistance.

On opening her fine large eyes, she  
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directed them languishingly towards Jack, and cried, "Oh! Mr. Wilks, don't you know me?"

"I don't immediately recollect your face," replied he; "and yet I think I have seen you very lately somewhere."

"Put up your sword, then," said the lady,—(she was dressed very genteely)—and see me safe out of the house: I have a great deal to say to you."

There was something in her figure and her appearance, together with her looks and the tone of her voice, which arrested his attention so much, that he without the least hesitation complied with her request; for he had not entered the house with any particular desire to see the entertainment. His business there that night was chiefly to insist upon the privilege, as an Englishman, of saying and doing what he liked, for which absurd propensity

penfity he would have been feverely corrected, according to his deferts, if the general confufion, arifing from the word Liberty, which was briskly circulated through the houfe, and ftripped up vehement contentions, had not favoured his efcape from the *Field of Difcord*: the *Field of Battle* it would, probably, have been, if he had not made a retreat.

Wilks took the lady under his protection, who was followed by a female of the lower order, belonging to her, too indifferent in her perfon, and too fhabbily drefled, to attract much notice.

The gentleman, who had, at firft, opposed Wilks, fhewed no fort of inclination to detain him: he was, indeed, very glad to get rid of fo troublefome a neighbour; but not feeing his *Pylades*, Shadow, the peculiarity of whose appearance had ftruck him, he looked round for him.—

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In looking round, he stumbled upon a body which lay under the bench. Thrusting his foot upon it, he soon discovered it to belong to that unfortunate companion to the Lover of Liberty, who at the first coming to action, tho' extremely eager to engage in support of free-speaking and free-agency, had slunk under a seat to avoid a blow with a cane, or a thrust with a sword.

Poor Shadow, when dragged from his hiding-place, made a most deplorable figure; he shook like an aspen-leaf, and was so covered with dirt, that it was at first doubtful whether he had received any personal injury. On his being *brought to light*, he sent forth powerful odours of a particular kind, and appeared with so rueful a countenance, that one of the audience cried out loudly after Jack, "Sir! Sir! you have dropped your friend; pray stay and take *him* along



along with you." But Wilks being either too busy in getting the lady out, or too apprehensive of what would be the fate of Shadow, to be burthened with him, paid no regard to the speech addressed to him.

Shadow, therefore, was left to do the best he could for himself. He was accordingly pushed from one to t'other till he got to the pit-door, and branded with the most opprobrious epithets.

While Wilks was hurrying along the streets with his fair companion, looking for a coach, she cried out, "L--d blefs me, my pocket's pick'd."

Wilks, in turning about, saw a girl seized by some fellows who appeared like bailiffs. "For the love of Liberty, Mr. Wilks," said she, "save me this one time."

When the mob tore off her hat, he recollected the features of Sally, whom he had once before taken under his

protection; but being just then more agreeably engaged he only cursed her heartily for making no better a use of her freedom, and put the lady he had with him into a hackney coach, leaving her shabby attendant in the street, who bade her good night by the name of Mrs. Decker.

Jack thought he remembered *that* name, and as soon as the windows were drawn up, began to question his fair companion. He then discovered her to be, really, the person whom he had rescued, with Sally, and who was in so violent a hurry to go to the Magdalen house.—

She told him, frankly, that she only *shammed* penitence in order to draw in Decker, who was, she found, a young midshipman, of a good family, who had *some* money, and flattering expectations; and who was just going to be stationed abroad.”

“ But you are not married,” said Wilks,

Wilks, "I suppose: your only make use of Decker's name?"

"Honestly married, I assure you, Sir.—Why should you doubt it? Do you think I told that long tale for nothing? Why, 'twas all a fiction from beginning to end, cooked up for the occasion: not a tittle of it was true, but the part which related to my contrition for my past faults: did you ever know one of our sect attempt any thing without going thro' it? No, no, what you wicked ones call sins, are our surest passports to everlasting happiness: no people can be sound Methodists, without having some swinging transgressions to repent of: but then, if we associate with the ungodly, who have not the fear of the Lord before their eyes, when we are entered among the saints, no punishment, not even fire and brimstone, is bad enough for us."

"Is Decker, then, one of your

sanctified sect?" "Oh! no.—But I may marry any man who is able to maintain me, and to help me to assist the saints."—

"Well—I am, thank G—d, no Methodist: I abhor their abominable hypocritical canting; and were you not a lovely woman, and had you not such a pair of bewitching black eyes, and such a delicious mouth, I would sooner swear never to have any thing to do with your sex, than give you a single kiss.—No, no, I hate all the d—d deceitful tribe, and will prove that your W—ds, your W—ys, your R—s, and your M—s, make more w--res than all the hot-houses in Drury-lane, and Covent-Garden, put together."

"There, I agree with you," said she, "I, myself, am always willing to bring a girl upon the town. Women, who have been once taken in themselves, are ever the readiest to draw  
in



in others.—We despise, indeed, virtue, in our hearts, and prefer vice; yet, as the appearance of the former is generally most pleasing, even to the most abandoned libertine, we cannot bear to see any female possessed of what we have lost: tho', were it possible for us to recover it to-day, we should, throw it away again to-morrow.—And, notwithstanding the extreme wickedness of both sexes, virtue will ever be sufficiently revered by the vicious, to make hypocrisy necessary."

These principles were, however, so diametrically opposite to those which Wilks glanced at, that had she not, as he said before, been one of the finest creatures he had ever met with, he would have left her immediately. He told her plainly, that he detested her hypocrisy as much as he admired her beauty; but, on being introduced into a very elegant apart-

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ment,

ment, in which there was a little supper, set out with all excitements to sensuality and voluptuousness, Jack felt his principles grow weaker and weaker, while he partook of the various provocatives to pleasure; and the lady telling him, that she had taken a fancy to him on the very night he generously assisted in rescuing her, and was, therefore, strongly prompted to make a grateful return, they sat down to supper with great glee.

Before Jack had swallowed a bit, there was a violent knocking at the door.

The maid cried out “Oh! Madam, there is my master.”

“Your master? impossible, — I thought he had been several leagues off, by this time. — You must excuse me then, Sir, for the present; (to Wilks) but hold — you had better go into the next room, and so through the  
the

the passage, that you may avoid meeting him."

Jack, however, in his hurry to obey her, entangling his foot with the leg of the table, fell upon the carpet.

Just as he was cursing his own awkwardness, Decker made his appearance, and, with all the ease of a man well acquainted with the world, said, "So, girl, thou art caught: I always suspected thee of foul play, and, therefore, pretended a voyage, only to watch you more narrowly, and give you rope enough—you understand me, child".—

"I dont understand you," replied she; "but, since you accuse me falsely, I would have you to know, that I will invite a gentleman to sup with me, at any time, without asking *your* leave."

"So you may, child, when you have got any money to treat a favourite, but not at *my* lodgings."

"Your lodgings," replied Mrs. Decker, "are *mine*, and, as such, I'll use them: I did not know that you was so fine a gentleman as to have separate apartments from your wife."—

"You are no wife of mine," said Decker: "I suspected your sorrow for your past life all along: I looked upon it quite counterfeited; and finding your drift was to get a husband, to support you in your iniquitous practices, I desired one of my old messmates to tack us together, that I might gain my point at that time: and now I have had my pleasure, you may e'en turn out again, like a devilish canting b—, as you are."

Jack, who had hitherto stood staring at Decker, to see what consequences his harangue would produce, joined with him in the laugh, and told the supposed Mrs. Decker, that he heartily congratulated her on her having recovered her Liberty, and  
would



would spend the rest of the evening in celebrating her releasement, wherever she pleased.—At the same time, bowing most profoundly, and in the most ludicrous manner, to her.

His taunting speech, and his mock-obsequiousness, together, added to the trick which had been played upon her by Decker, provoked her to a degree beyond all bearing: but, very justly believing that anger would rather be detrimental than serviceable to her, she called up as many softening charms as she could into her eyes, and tried to induce the young midshipman, to treat her with more tenderness—to no purpose, however; he turned her down stairs without any ceremony, and telling her that Dr. Squintum would provide for her, left her to go to whatever place she liked best.

Wilks had no money in his pocket: had he been in cash, he would not

have so readily parted with that handsome hypocrite.

The very next morning he was arrested at the suit of his taylor, on the same stair-case on which he had delivered Mr. Ferrers from the claws of the catchpoles, and conveyed to a spunging-house.

Form thence he wrote to Shadow, and intreated him to send fifty guineas immediately to him.

Mr. Worthy, happening to take the letter in himself, told the person who brought it, that Mr. Shadow was just on the point of leaving London, and could not be spoke with.

Shadow, in fact, came home so oppressed with sickness and discontent, and so overwhelmed with shame, from his last expedition, after having been deserted by his *free-born friend*, that Mr. Worthy seized so favourable an opportunity to talk to him  
with

with more earnestness than ever; persuading him to go down to his father for a little while, in hopes that, by absenting himself from his companions in riot and extravagance, he would be weaned from them in such a manner, as not to wish to herd with them again: hoping too, that by the time he returned to town, those companions of his might have thrown themselves into new connections, and would make no attempts to draw him into their pernicious parties again.

Shadow happening, just at that juncture, to be disgusted at Wilks, for having decoyed him into so mortifying a situation; and feeling a deplorable diminution of his cash, was the more inclined to listen to his master's mild and prudent remonstrances than he ever yet had done, and promising to take his advice, set out that very morning for Shadow-

hall.—Mr. Worthy, therefore, concealed Wilks's note from his young man.—When Wilks's messenger, at his return, informed him that Mr. Shadow was going out of town, and could not be spoken with, he cursed him for a puppy, and, for the first time, in his life, began to consider what method he should take, in order to regain his Liberty; but he had not, at that juncture, the smallest hopes of procuring his release. He was, indeed, in a very despairing way, for he had almost spent what little money he could raise on his watch, ring, and other trifles in his possession, when he was arrested.

The bailiff, seeing no probability of making any more of him, as not a single friend came, even to enquire after him, told him, that he could not pretend to let him live in his house for nothing: and that, if he would not come handsomely down, he



he must do what was usual with gentlemen; concluding with a strong hint, that he must remove him to lodgings in Newgate.

Jack, whose spirits never failed him, and who believed, (and rightly too), that the fellow only wanted to frighten him out of all he had, replied, with a most immoveable composure, "I shall be perfectly easy wherever I am lodged, in NEWGATE or in the TOWER: the loss of Liberty will be pretty much the same to me in one place as in the other. I am therefore quite as willing to go to Newgate as you can possibly be to carry me thither."

The bailiff was horribly disappointed at this answer, delivered with all the chearfulness of a man who enjoyed the utmost freedom, but finding at length, that there was, really, nothing to be made of him, he deposited him safe on the *common side*, and

told his taylor, when he returned, that he might make himself quiet about the payment of his money, as he certainly would never see a sou of it, as Wilks would lie there and rot ere he would trouble himself concerning the debt, being one of the most resolute provoking dogs for a gentleman that he ever met with since he was born.

Wilks, though now, thro' his unquenchable love of Liberty, in a fair way of being in limbo for life, felt very little uneasiness about the imprisonment of his person: he swore that his mind was free as air, and that nothing upon earth should make him give up his glorious principles, tho' they had been so destructive to many into whose weak heads he had instilled them, and so fatal to himself. In consequence of this obstinate adherence to his patriotic opinions, as he, but not with much propriety, called them,

them; he roared out LIBERTY! among the miserable wretches, whose prospects were no better than his own, as loudly as when we was running about the town at large.

While he was in this situation, a poor fellow was brought in for having robbed a gentleman and lady in a chariot upon the road, a few miles from London. Some servants had taken him.

Wilks was carried, with the rest, by curiosity, to look at the highwayman, who, at the sight of him, fainted away. Not imagining, however, that he had any share in producing so much disorder in him, and supposing it only to have arisen on being secured, Wilks assisted those who endeavoured to recover him; and when he was recovered, bade him bear his misfortunes like a man.—“ Nobody can have a higher sense of the value of Liberty than myself; but ’tis shameful

ful, I think, to be dead-hearted at the loss of it."

"Ah! Sir," cried the highwayman, with a faint voice, "you and your ill-timed fondness for Freedom have brought me hither—I was struck at the first sight of you; and yet what you did was well meant: but the best designs often miscarry, when wrong measures are taken for the execution of them—"

Jack, astonished at such an address, from a man in such circumstances, attended with an accusation which he had not, he thought, in the least deserved, felt his humanity, which was at first touched with the distress of a fellow-creature, overpowered by resentment. He therefore asked him roughly, what he meant?

"If you will have patience to listen to me, Sir, I will tell you what I mean; though you may, perhaps,  
be



be pained to hear, that what was so well intended by you, should be so much abused by me.—I am the son of as worthy a man as ever existed, who straitened himself to give *me* the education of a scholar, and of a gentleman. When I had been *so* educated, he placed me with a very eminent attorney, a particular friend, who kindly offered to take me.—My father, who, with reason, was well satisfied with my prospects, retired, with my mother, into the country, and lived upon his little income, out of which he saved, however, enough to supply me decently with cloaths, and with pocket-money. Few sons ever loved their parents more tenderly than I did mine; and it was with the sincerest concern that I saw them leave London.—You will say, indeed, that by leaving me with so good a friend, they left me in an eligible situation—Happy should I have certainly

tainly been, in that situation, if I had been able to listen to the voice of Reason, and to controul my passions— But, when seducing pleasures prompt us on one side, when licentious companions urge us on the other, and when no restraining friend is near us, to check us in our ruinous career, how hard is it to say, thus far, and no farther will I go?—My master's affairs were very extensive, consequently he had little leisure to superintend my conduct; and I believe, indeed, he had too good an opinion of me, to imagine that there was much occasion for his admonitions. As I was always regular and diligent in transacting the business about which he employed me, and performed it with quickness and alacrity. And he frequently, indeed, told me, that my dexterity and dispatch exceeded his expectations.—Had I conversed only with him, my morals had been, at this

this hour, untainted, and my days had been spent in virtuous industry.

“My master had two clerks besides myself: they were young men of admirable capacities, and they were neither idle nor irregular.—But, setting aside their capacities, their diligence, and their regularity, they were highly censurable in their characters; being addicted to almost every vice which can be named.—As I constantly, and necessarily, associated with them, I in a short time became but too much like them, in my pursuit after pleasure.—The remembrance of my father’s excellent advice, before he left me, and afterwards conveyed to me in his affectionate letters, sometimes, ’tis true, stopped me in the midst of my follies; yet, as I had not *such* a friend always near me, to go to whenever I had an idle hour upon my hands, I returned again and again to the same round of vicious enjoyments.

## 234 HISTORY OF

“One of my companions introduced me to a beautiful girl, whom he called Sister, and who possessed, both in person and mind, all that render a woman delightful. Having naturally a heart full of sensibility, I could not behold this fine young creature unmoved.—After a short acquaintance, she declared herself as much pleased with me as I was with her—and I proposed, I was mad enough to propose to marry her; tho’ I had nothing for her support. She changed colour, and looked as if I had done her a considerable injury. I was sufficiently shocked at her unexpected behaviour, but imagining that it proceeded entirely from a supposition that I had no fortune, I freely confessed that I had but very little, but that I should be miserable without her.”

“You quite mistake me,” replied my honest, generous Patty, blushing like



like a rose, “had you less, I would willingly share it with you, if I could share it with honour.—But I love you, and cannot deceive you.—I have been, for some time,” added she weeping, “kept by that wretch who calls himself your friend, who decoyed me from my relations, and basely taking advantage of my youth and ignorance, robbed me of my virtue, by a stratagem too common : by the infusion of something stupefying, in what was, he pretended, only wine and water, after a dancing. Then, availing himself of my situation, he prevented me from returning home, till nobody would receive me. He is now, I believe, both weary of me, and incapable of supporting me any longer ; and, therefore, wanted to put me off to you as a sister : but I could not suffer the only man I ever loved to be imposed upon.”

“I could hear no more.—I caught  
her

her in my arms, and vowed never to part with her.

“After a little demuring, she yielded, on condition that I would swear never to resent the behaviour of the man who had deceived me, as my life was so dear to her, that she could not bear the thoughts of having it endangered on *her* account.

“I readily, you may believe, complied with her request : I enjoyed my life, indeed, too much in her society, to think of risking it.

“Our conjugal happiness, however, was of a very short duration : she became indisposed, and of course unable to gain any thing towards her own subsistence, in the millinery business, which she cheerfully followed as soon as she was married to me. Her health grew worse and worse ; and, after a dangerous *time*, she was delivered of a son. — Poor wretched infant ! he was doomed, like his unhappy father,  
to

to be miserable. What an affecting picture had I, Sir, before my eyes! A wife lying in the most agonizing distress, without the common necessities of life; with a new-born babe to sustain, from her own half-nourished bosom.—

“Overwhelmed with horror and confusion, and almost deprived of my senses, I dared to extort from you what I could, in no other shape, procure—As I still loved and revered my father, and had too much affection for my mother, distant as they were from their lost child, to wish to take any of their small income from them, and was struck with horror at the thoughts of touching the property of *him* who had been, next to my parents, my best friend, what could be done?—I could think of no way to save my wife and child, but by sacrificing to *their* necessities, what ought to have been dearer to me than my existence,

my honour and my integrity—But, oh! that I had never lived to see this day!—Actuated by mistaken notions, you generously prevented the country-fellows, who were in search of me, from their pursuit. Had I been taken at *that* time, I had been too happy; for you would not, I know, have appeared against me, and I never should have had courage enough, in all probability, to make a second attempt of the same kind. You cannot but remember that I was violently agitated when I stopped you—By *your* lenity, therefore, I was destroyed.

“ My Patty recovered, and I kept clear of any criminal action till a new calamity roused my slumbering honesty. My child grew sick, and as my wife was chiefly employed in waiting on him, we were again reduced to the greatest difficulties.

“ At that juncture, a gentleman fell



so passionately in love with my Patty, that he offered her an advantageous settlement if she would quit *me*; he offered also to take a nurse for her boy, and to let him live with her.

“These offers almost staggered her, depressed as we were by poverty.—  
“It will be death to me to part from you,” said she, “but for the sake of my child, and to prevent *your* being again tempted to supply our wants, by repeating such iniquitous proceedings, I will consent to do what my soul most abhors.”

“I knew that she was sincere in her aversion to a life of infamy by her tears, and by the agonies which she felt while she spoke about it to me; and begging H—n to forgive my efforts to snatch her from prostitution, rushed, almost frantic, a second time, upon the road. I robbed a young gentleman and lady, but was soon afterwards taken by the servants of  
8 some

some friends of theirs behind them, among which servants, was one of the men whom you hindered from pursuing me, and he discovered a brutal joy at my not having once more escaped him —But—had I been taken at first, before I grew desperate,—had I foreseen the misery which must now inevitably be my lot,—I should not,—I think I should not, have dared to add crime to crime.—I submit, however, to my fate without repining, since I brought it upon myself; and were I myself alone to suffer, I could bear my load of anguish with tolerable resignation; but when I consider what my father and my mother,—when I consider what my wife,—knowing that I took the last fatal step on *her* account;—when I consider what cutting disquietude they must all endure,—*their* pangs are daggers to my heart.—At this very moment, I wish for the stroke of death.”

The agony with which this poor unhappy man concluded his melancholy tale, was so affecting, that Wilks found himself uncommonly moved. He even forgot that he had complained of him, and while he was making use of every argument he could think of to alleviate his griefs, the turnkey came in, and told the prisoner that a gentleman desired to see him.

When the gentleman was introduced, Wilks recognized his old friend Sidney : the latter instantly recollecting his fellow collegian, thro' his long beard, meagre face, and dirty linen, exclaimed, " Jack Wilks!—What! in durance vile? Is all your boasted Liberty come to this?"

" Faith, Harry," replied he, not in the least disconcerted, "'tis even as you see : and yet no man was a more strenuous advocate for the Liberty of the people than myself ; and

of my own too I was not unmindful : and yet all would not do ; for here's a poor fellow has just been laying his fins at *my* door, tho' I cannot for the soul of me see what I had to do in the business : however, his case is so truly to be compassionated, that if you can do any thing for him, as I perceive that you have some knowledge of affairs, do, exert your good nature and your interest in his behalf."

Sidney, pleased to see that his old companion had not lost either his spirits or his humanity, replied, with a friendly shake of the hand, that he had, indeed, some business with the prisoner, and should be very glad to be a little better acquainted with his former situation in life, if his narrative might be depended upon.

The highwayman immediately complying with Sidney's request, repeated the story which he had not long before related, concluding in a  
 8 tone,



tone, and with a manner, which left the veracity of it unquestionable.

Sidney, indeed, could not help shewing how much he was affected by the contrition which he discovered, not only for his criminal behaviour, but for his having involved his wretched family in such deep distress.

Putting a couple of guineas into his hand, he bade him be comforted, and told him that he would call again the next day.

Then, turning to Wilks, he desired to know what had brought *him* to a place, in which he was sorry to meet him?

Jack, ever frank and free, related his adventures in his turn with as much humour as they would admit of, not omitting to curse Shadow every now and then; adding, that if *he* had not disappointed him, he might have been in a condition to try his fortune again, and might have

saved himself from the reproach he then lay under, by being confined in such a place only for his principles, which would ever induce him to think that every thing in this life ought to be in common; and that when one man possessed more than he wanted, those who had not all they deserved should be allowed the liberty of demanding their share.

“And are not such principles,” said Sidney, “the most erroneous ones to be conceived? Where would be the spur to industry, where would be the stimulation to any laudable undertaking or useful discovery, if those who spent their lives in idleness and pleasure, were intitled to partake of the profits and emoluments due only to the ingenious, active, and diligent classes of mankind?—You are, indeed, my friend Jack, exceedingly mistaken; your moral and your political estimates are equally injudicious and

and reprehensible.—Can you, with any propriety, call yourself a Lover of Liberty, while you are dependent on so despicable a fellow, so abject a wretch as Shadow is, according to your description of him? and would you not be a thousand times more free, in the discharge of some employment, by which you might gain an income sufficient to enable you, if a good œconomist, in a few years to make yourself your own master, and to empower you to act agreeably to your own inclination?”

“What!” interrupted Wilks, with a tone and look expressive of the most ineffable contempt, “would you have me bind myself apprentice to a paltry tradesman, and submit to the commands of a sneaking fellow, who calls himself my superior merely because he happens to have a little more money in his pocket and less brains in his head? or would you wish

to see me dangle after a purse-proud rascal by way of pimp, parasite, or led-captain, to fetch and carry, and flatter, and lie like a devil? would you have me be a hireling? no,—I will starve by inches first, and rot by piece-meal before I'll deign to be subservient to any man's humours, commands, or caprices."

"Why then, Jack," cried Sidney, smiling at his warmth, "since you will, I see, sooner part with life than with your darling passion, what think you of going to a place where the natives not only profess themselves votaries to Liberty, but fight every day under her standard with a spirit truly heroical, and a perseverance rarely imitated in this age of *frivolity* and corruption? what think you of going a volunteer under the brave Paoli,—who makes as great a figure in the cabinet as in the field, and shines with equal lustre as a legislator or as a soldier?"



"Agreed," cried Jack, "I take you at your word."

"Well," answered Sidney, "I can't stay any longer now, but I'll think farther about this scheme, and call again upon you."

Sidney, at that time, little thought seriously of transporting his old friend to Corfica : what he said to him being only some extempore effusions occasioned by his reflections upon Liberty.

Sidney had now been married to Miss Ferrers several months; Wyndham also was united to Miss Hyde; and Sir Anthony completely happy with Miss Amyot. The two last mentioned gentlemen had renewed their friendship, and the connection between lady Granger and Mrs. Sidney naturally brought them all acquainted.—These half dozen happy people were upon a party of pleasure, when the highwayman whose story has been just related, attacked and

robbed Sidney whom he met first in his chariot with his Nancy.

The amiable Nancy no sooner heard that the highwayman was in custody, and that her Sidney talked of appearing against him, than she felt, from the gentleness of her disposition, for the poor unfortunate wretch.—But what were her sensations, when Sidney, on his return from Newgate, whither he went merely out of humanity to enquire into the prisoner's circumstances, related to *her* and to Mr. Byam his melancholy history? It forced such a shower of tears from her eyes, that he almost repented of having mentioned it to her. When he had promised her to do all he could to save the unfortunate man, and to assist his family, he told her of his surprise at finding his old acquaintance Wilks in Newgate.

“I hope, said she, he has not been guilty of an action equally criminal?”

"No," replied Sidney, "he has not quite so much guilt to answer for, tho' I am somewhat inclined to believe, that he who corrupts the minds of the ignorant, and leads the unwary into the commission of capital errors, is, in fact, a more pernicious member of society, than the man who picks your pocket, or rifles your house. My friend Jack will not bate an inch of his prerogative as a free-born Briton; I don't know, therefore, to what lengths that untameable spirit of his, that spirit not to be subdued even by the mortifying strokes of adversity, may carry him. He might, possibly, be guilty of very high misdemeanours, were he to recover his liberty.

He then told Mr. Byam, that he had advised him to fight for Paoli.

"And well-advised too," replied the old gentleman. "He was of considerable service to my girl's father, you know.—If he is willing to take

to take a trip to Corfica, let us fit him out handsomely, and send him thither."

Sidney agreed to that proposal, insisting only upon defraying the whole expence attending his friend's voyage.

The next day he visited the two prisoners, and after having communicated his serious intentions to Wilks, left him to ruminate upon the scheme offered to his consideration.

He then stepped to the highwayman, and told him that he had enquired into the truth of his narrative, and found the veracity of it indisputable. "As there are several affecting circumstances, therefore, in your case, if you will promise to retire into the country with your wife and child, as near to your father and mother as possible, and follow the profession in which you was brought up, I will not only furnish you with money sufficient to pay all your debts, and bear your

ex-



expences down, but will recommend you in the strongest manner, while you continue honest and industrious."

The poor fellow stood aghast, at first, as if he was petrified by surprise.—Tears, at length, rushed into his eyes.—He fell at Sidney's feet, calling him his guardian angel, the preserver of his wife and of his boy; and pouring forth the most grateful effusions to be imagined.

Sidney raised him with a smile full of benevolence, bidding him to return thanks to the God of Mercy, to whom only they were due; and to pray at the same time to be armed with fortitude sufficient to withstand the most artful temptations, to keep his integrity unviolated for the future.—Leaving him overwhelmed with gratitude, and full of pious resolutions, he went back to Wilks, and asking him if he was determined to accept of his Liberty with the accoutre-

trappings of a soldier, and his passage to Corfica?

He replied in the affirmative, provided he was to be under no restrictions, but permitted to act entirely as a volunteer, "On these conditions I am ready to set out this moment: I know not a people upon the face of the earth who claim my regard more than the Corsicans."

Sidney, accordingly, prepared every thing for his friend's voyage, and on the morning of embarkation, putting a purse of fifty guineas into his hand, wished him success with the true Lovers of Liberty.

Jack shook him by the hand, swore he was a d—d honest fellow, and, at his request, promised to write to him.

The following passages are extracted from the first letter which Sidney received from him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"On my first land-

ing, I was not a little disappointed to find so great a difference in the manner of living here, from what I have been accustomed to. These brave people almost deny themselves the necessaries of life,—with the pleasures of sauntering from a coffee-house to a tavern, and from a play-house to a bagnio, they are utterly unacquainted. Yet I declare positively, that these people, headed by their valiant commander, are inflamed with the true spirit of Liberty.—They not only give up freely the conveniencies, but the agreeable superfluities of life; they even give up life itself for the preservation of their independence, and drive, sword in hand, those before them, who have so unjustly attacked them. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The footing was a little rough at first among the rocks, but custom has made it quite familiar to me.

“ I

“ I now begin to find Liberty of Speech, and Liberty of Action, somewhat different—I have had several skirmishes with the French, who seem to have not the least idea of my way of thinking: but, as long as I can be supported by brown bread, and carry a musket, I will either beat my principles into their heads, or beat out their brains—— \* \* \* \*

“ I could wish to have rather more indulgences among these brave people—However, I believe they are in the right; for they seem to be thoroughly convinced, that the moment we consult the gratification of our appetites, we become Slaves; and that LIBERTY and LUXURY are incompatible.



F I N I S.



